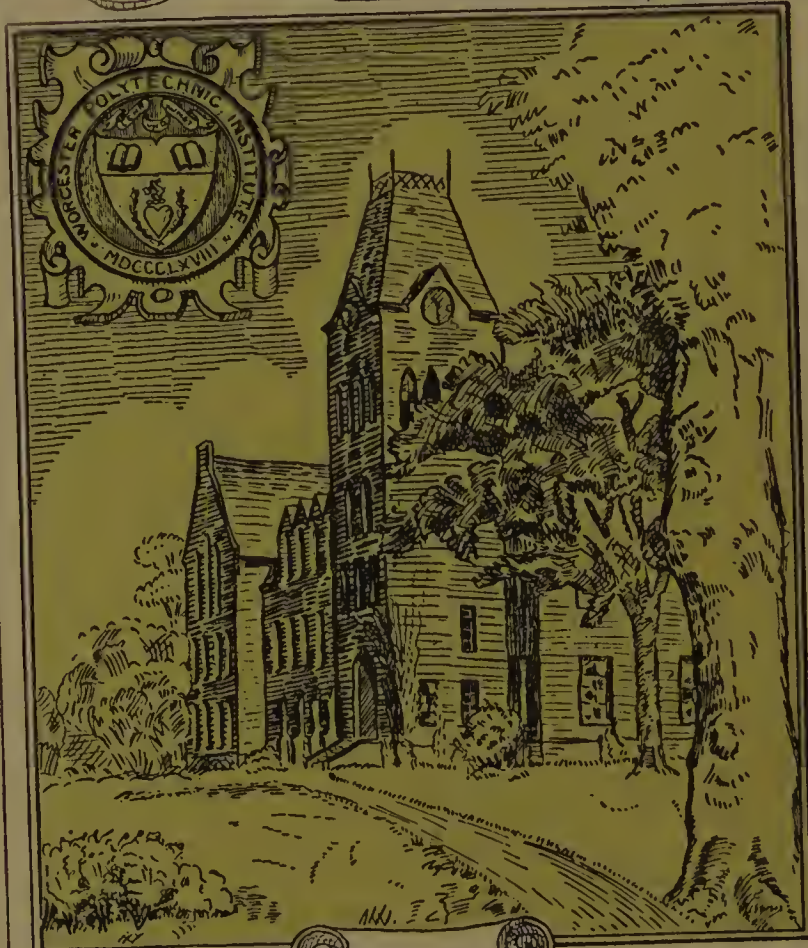




Ye Aftermath

1903



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AFTERMATH

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1903
WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



WORCESTER ❧ ❧ MASSACHUSETTS ❧ ❧ 1903



TO THOSE who have not already come in contact with the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three this page is especially devoted.

If you have ever undertaken the double Hercules task of getting up a book and attending to the amount of business required at Tech, you will realize why this attempt has some shortcomings.

To the members of nineteen hundred and three, who are not on the Board, we extend our thanks for the aid which they have given. We also take this occasion to thank Mr. H. P. Fairfield for his kind services.

Hoping this volume may prove a happy memento of Tech life, we respectfully submit it.

“THE BOARD.”

To the Friends of
The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three
Worcester Polytechnic Institute
This Volume is Dedicated

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Thomas C. Mendenhall, Ph.D., LL.D.



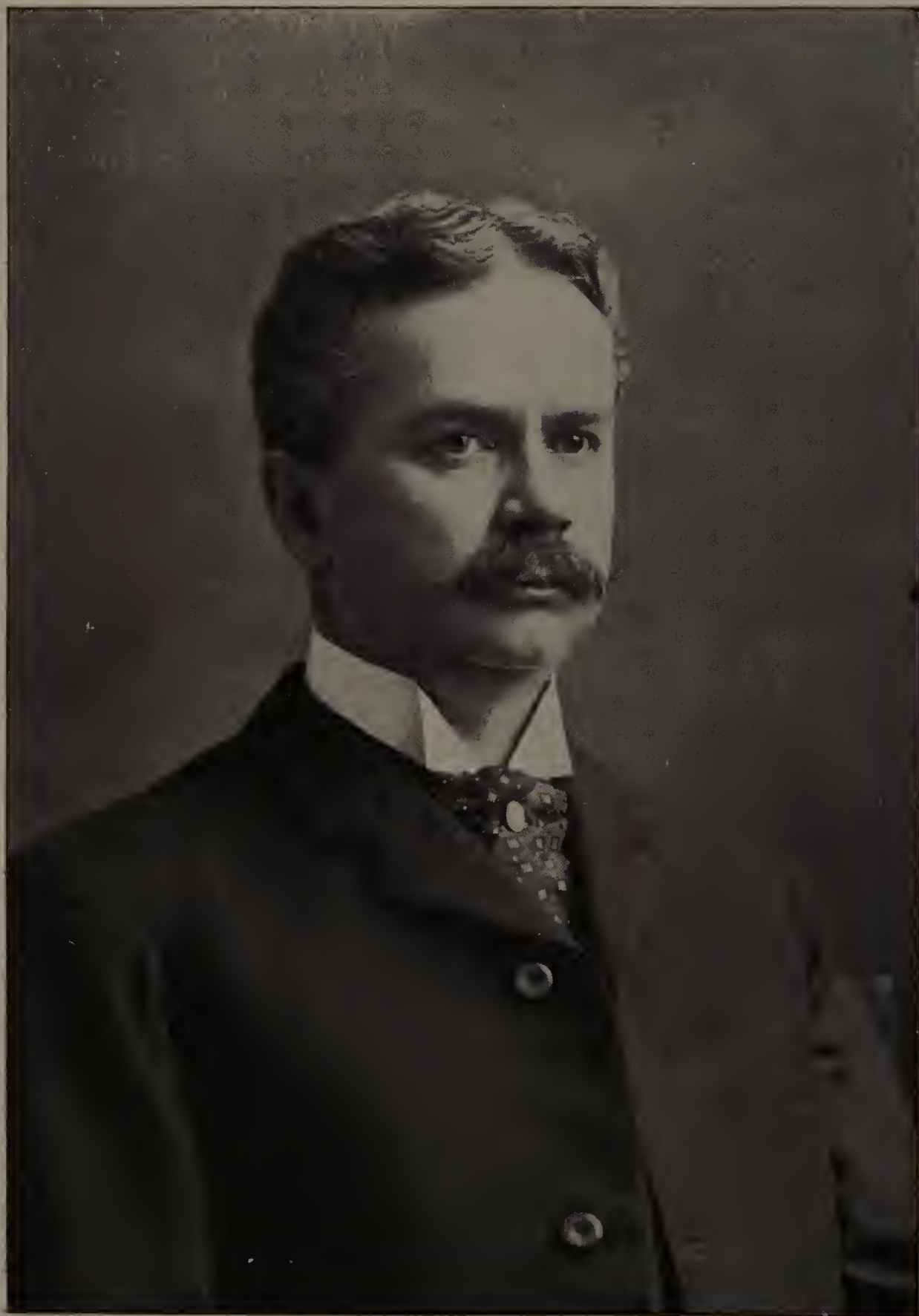
DR. T. C. MENDENHALL was the President of the Institute from 1894 to 1901, and we look back to the two years during which we were associated with him with great appreciation of his efforts in our behalf. He was a most interesting speaker and his lectures in the class room were especially instructive.

Dr. Mendenhall was born in Hanover town, Ohio, in 1841. He early began to devote his attention to the physical sciences and in 1873 was elected to the chair of Physics and Mechanics in the Ohio State University. In 1878 he accepted a similar position in the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan. In 1881 he returned to the Ohio State University. Three years later he was appointed to the United States Signal Service and in 1886 he became president of the Rose Polytechnic Institute. In 1889 he again entered the service of the government as superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. This position he resigned in 1894 to become president of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Dr. Mendenhall was appointed to the Massachusetts State Highway Commission by the late Gov. Roger Wolcott and was chairman of that commission until his resignation in 1900.

In 1891 he became a member of the Behring Sea Commission and from 1892 to 1894 was engaged in the U. S. and Gt. Britain boundary survey.

Owing to ill health Dr. Mendenhall resigned from his duties as President of the Institute in December, 1900, and since then has been traveling abroad.



E. A. ENGLER

Edmund Arthur Engler, Ph.D., LL.D.

President



DR. E. A. ENGLER was born in St. Louis and was educated at Washington University, from which institution he received his bachelor's and master's degrees, and also the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. While a student he developed an unusual fondness for mathematics and an exceptional ability for work in that line. Soon after his graduation he was appointed instructor in his Alma Mater and soon after succeeded to a professorship.

Dr. Engler's university training has been supplemented by extensive study in Europe. A few years ago he was appointed Dean of the School of Engineering connected with Washington University, a school which has enjoyed a high reputation throughout the country.

In June, 1901, Dr. Engler was called to Worcester to succeed Dr. Mendenhall. Accepting the Presidency, he took up the duties with a display of energy that has reminded many of the noted strenuousness of President Roosevelt. His changes in the courses have all been received gratefully by the student body and the future of the school seems brighter with each succeeding year.



The Faculty



E. A. ENGLER, Ph.D., LL.D.....	President
JOHN E. SINCLAIR, Ph.D.....	Professor of Higher Mathematics
U. WALDO CUTLER, S.B.....	Professor of Modern Languages
LEONARD P. KINNICUTT, S.D.....	Professor of Chemistry
LEVI L. CONANT, Ph.D.....	Professor of Mathematics
GEORGE H. HAYNES, Ph.D.....	Professor of History and Economics
WALTER L. JENNINGS, Ph.D.....	Professor of Organic Chemistry
ZELOTES W. COOMBS, A.M.....	Assistant Professor of Modern Languages
SIDNEY A. REEVE, M.E.....	Professor of Steam and Hydraulics
HAROLD B. SMITH, M.E.....	Professor of Electrical Engineering
CLARENCE A. CHANDLER, S.B.....	Superintendent of Washburn Shops
ARTHUR W. FRENCH, C.E.....	Professor of Civil Engineering
A. WILMER DUFF, M.A., B.Sc. (Edin.).....	Professor of Physics
ALBERT KINGSBURY, M.E.....	Professor of Applied Mechanics
FORREST R. JONES, M.E.....	Professor of Drawing and Machine Design
ALTON L. SMITH, M.S....	Asst. Professor of Drawing and Machine Design
JOSEPH O. PHELON, M.M.E..	Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering
CHARLES M. ALLEN, M.S....	Asst. Professor of Experimental Engineering

Biographical Sketch of Faculty

JOHN E. SINCLAIR, Ph.D.....Professor of Higher Mathematics.

Professor Sinclair is a graduate of Dartmouth College, being a member of the Class of '58. The year following he spent in teaching at Adrian, Mich., and from 1859 to 1863 was tutor at the Washington University, St. Louis. The next six years he spent as Professor of Mathematics in the Chandler department of Dartmouth College, from which place he came to the Institute in 1868 to occupy a similar position. In 1863 he received the degree of A.M., from Washington University and in 1879 the same degree from Dartmouth. His Alma Mater further honored him in 1883 by bestowing upon him the degree Ph.D. Professor Sinclair is one of our favorites and we cannot help but remember him for his pleasant manner and extended use of homely illustrations during the time we spent with him in Calc. and Analyt.

U. WALDO CUTLER, S.B.....Professor of Modern Languages.

Professor Cutler is an alumnus of the Institute, being a member of the Class of '74. His first teaching was at Brimfield, Mass., in the Hitchcock High School. He next went to Holliston, where he introduced drawing into the public schools. In 1877 he came to Tech as Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, and is now at the head of that department. He spent from 1878 to 1881 abroad in Germany, where he pursued a course of study. He also spent a year at Johns Hopkins University. With these exceptions he has been at the Institute ever since. We remember the professor chiefly for his lectures to us in English, although perhaps it would not be wise to say how much of the lectures we remember.

LEONARD P. KINNICUTT, S.D.....Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Kinnicutt graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1875, and continued his studies abroad, spending one year at Heidelberg, one and one-half years at Bonn, and a period at Johns Hopkins University, in this country. Upon the completion of his studies, in 1880, he was made Instructor in Qualitative Analysis at Harvard, receiving his degree of S.D. two years later. He accepted the Assistant Professorship of Chemistry at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1883, receiving the full professorship in 1885 and holding it up to the present time. Dr. Kinnicutt is a recognized authority on sewage disposal, having made a careful and exhaustive study of the question, both in this country and the leading European cities.

LEVI L. CONANT, Ph.D.....Professor of Mathematics.

Dr. Conant was born in Littleton, Mass., in 1857, and prepared for college at Andover, graduating from Dartmouth in 1879. Between 1880-83 he held the position of Principal of the High School in Mankato, Minn., leaving to accept a better position in Elkhart, Ind. He later served as Superintendent of Schools in Deadwood, S. D., also of Rapid City, S. D. In 1887 he was made Professor of Mathematics in the Dakota School of Mines, staying there until 1890. He then spent a year in advanced study of mathematics at Clark University, and in 1891 accepted the Junior Professorship of

Mathematics at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. In 1893 Syracuse University conferred the degree of Ph.D. upon him. The doctor is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of the American Mathematical Society. The doctor uses striking explanations, apt illustrations, and is the author of an interesting book, entitled the "Number Concept."

GEORGE H. HAYNES, Ph.D. Professor of History and Economics.

Dr. Haynes received his collegiate education at Amherst College, graduating in the Class of 1887. He at once joined the teaching forces of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and remained until 1890, when he left to pursue a course of study at Johns Hopkins University, where he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1893. He again returned to Tech and accepted the Professorship of History and Economics, succeeding Dr. MacDonald in that position. Dr. Haynes has not confined his activities alone to the Institute, for he has contributed many articles to journals devoted to American history and politics. He is also much interested in the charities of the city of Worcester. He is an interesting lecturer, both in the classroom and without, and we look back with pleasure to the many delightful discussions in his classes upon the questions of the day.

WALTER L. JENNINGS, Ph.D. Professor of Organic Chemistry.

Dr. Jennings entered Harvard College in the year 1885 and received his A.B. in 1889. He then took up graduate work in the same college, receiving his degree of Ph.D. in 1892. Then followed two years of study in Europe, principally in Berlin and Heidelberg. Returning to this country, he became Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. In 1901 he became Professor of Organic Chemistry. Dr. Jennings is actively interested in Tech athletics, especially in tennis, at which he is very proficient. Our course in Metallurgy under him will be remembered pleasantly as one tinged here and there with humor.

ZELOTES WOOD COOMBS, A.M. . . . Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

Professor Coombs was born in Wrentham, Mass., June 8th, 1865. In 1884 he was graduated from the Worcester High School as valedictorian of his class. After being graduated from Amherst College in the Class of 1888, he became an instructor at the Brooklyn Tech, and later went to the University of Virginia, where he was both student and instructor. Since 1890 he has been the President's clerk and was Instructor in Modern Languages until 1894, when he went abroad to study at the University of Berlin. Upon his return he was made Assistant Professor of Modern Languages. Professor Coombs is a believer in clean athletics and for several years he has been Chairman of the Board of Directors of the W. P. I. A. A.

SIDNEY ARMOUR REEVE, M.E. . . Professor Steam and Hydraulic Engineering.

Professor Reeve was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale in 1885. In 1887 he received his degree of M.E. For the next seven years he was a

member of the engineering corps of the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., of New York. While occupying this position he was engaged in the erection of steam power and ice-making plants. For a time he was on the editorial staff of the *Progressive Age*, a journal devoted to the gas industry. He has held his present position since 1895. During the past year, Professor Reeve has published a text-book on the "Thermodynamics of Heat Engines," which includes a steam-table having several new items of value.

HAROLD B. SMITH, M.E.....Professor of Electrical Engineering.

Professor Smith was born in Barre, Mass., in 1869. In 1886 he graduated from the Barre High School and entered Cornell soon afterward. During his college course he was a prominent member of the B Θ II Fraternity and was elected to the honorary society of Sigma Xi. Professor Smith was twenty-two years of age when he was graduated from Cornell, and after taking a post-graduate course he became Adjunct Professor of Electrical Engineering, in charge of the department at Arkansas State University. He stayed only one year at this school, having accepted the positions of head designer and electrical engineer for the Elektron Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass., and the Professorship of Electrical Engineering and the direction of the School of Electrical Engineering at Purdue University. In 1896 he came to W. P. I. and has remained here ever since. Besides being a consulting engineer, he is a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineering, British Institution of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Society for Promotion of Engineering Education, Fellow of the American Society for Advancement of Science, and other scientific societies both at home and abroad.

CLARENCE A. CHANDLER, S.B.....Superintendent of the Washburn Shops.

Mr. Chandler was graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1874. His first position after leaving the institute was with Henry S. Howe, of Boston, where he built up a progressing business as a designing engineer. Later he accepted the position of Superintendent of the Carver Cotton Gin Company, of East Bridgewater. In 1896 he resigned his position in East Bridgewater to become Superintendent of the Washburn shops, which position he has faithfully held since that time.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH, C.E.....Professor of Civil Engineering.

Professor French was graduated from the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, Dartmouth College, in 1892. His first position was with the Tower Brothers, Holyoke, Mass. From Holyoke he went to Denver, Col., where he engineered the construction of the Platte River Paper Company's plant. He was later made assistant engineer in bridge design for the Denver and Gulf Railroad. He left this position to become Associate Professor of Civil Engineering at his Alma Mater, where he remained until 1899, when he came to Tech. His practical experience, along with his college education, makes him well fitted for the position which he occupies.

A. WILMER DUFF, M.A., D.Sc., (Edin.) Professor of Physics.

Professor Duff is one of the members of the Faculty who came to Tech in the fall of 1899. Before coming to Tech he had a wide range of experience, which served to fit him for the position he is so ably filling. After being graduated from the University of New Brunswick, Professor Duff spent four years in study at the University of Edinburgh, where he received his degree of M.A. in 1888. During the following year he studied at the University of Berlin. In 1889 he became substitute Professor of Physics in the University of Madras, which he left in 1890 to take a similar position in the University of New Brunswick. In 1893 he became Professor of Physics at Purdue University, where he remained until he was called to Tech. In 1901 Professor Duff became the fifth person to receive the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Edinburgh. A systematic and steady improvement in the Physics Department has surely taken place during Professor Duff's able management.

ALBERT KINGSBURY, M.E. Professor of Applied Mechanics

Professor Kingsbury was graduated from Sibley College, Cornell University, in the Class of 1889. Prior to this he was for one year a student at Buchtel College, Akron, O., and for two years attended the Ohio State University at Columbus. He was thus able to enter Cornell in 1887 in advanced standing. In the fall of 1889 he became Instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Physics in the New Hampshire State College. At the close of the school year he was raised to the full professorship, but he resigned to become Superintendent of the machine shop of the H. B. Camp Co., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. In 1891 he was again appointed Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the New Hampshire State College. Eight years later he accepted his present position, which he is very ably filling. Among his inventions are machines for the testing of oils and metals.

Professor Kingsbury is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

FORREST R. JONES, M.E. Professor of Drawing and Machine Design.

Professor Jones is another one of our professors who are Cornell alumni, he being graduated from Sibley College in the Class of 1888. The first two years after his graduation were spent at the Edison laboratories, Orange, N. J., and with the Western Engineering Co., of Nebraska. From 1890 to 1892 he was at the head of mechanical arts in the University of Tennessee. From 1892 to 1899 he was Professor of Machine Design at the University of Wisconsin. Since the fall of 1899 he has held his present position at Tech. While at the University of Wisconsin he published a text-book on Machine Design, which is used now at the Institute. Professor Jones is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, a member of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, and an associate member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

ALTON S. SMITH, M.S....Asst. Professor of Drawing and Machine Design.

Professor Smith came to Tech from the machine shop of J. Duckworth & Co., Springfield, Mass. After graduating in 1890 he became Instructor in Worcester Polytechnic Institute and since then has guided the pencils of each entering class in its youthful attempts at free hand drawing. He has also taught mechanical drawing and descriptive geometry. He received the degree of Master of Science in 1899 and was admitted to the faculty in 1900.

JOSEPH OLIVER PHELON, M.M.E..Asst. Professor of Electrical Engineering

Professor Phelon was born in Cherry Valley, New York. He was graduated from W. P. I. in 1887 with the degree of S.B. in Mechanical Engineering, receiving a similar degree in Electrical Engineering in 1890 and having been appointed Assistant in Physics in 1887. He spent the year 1900-1901 at Sibley College, Cornell University, having received appointment as Fellow in Electrical Engineering there, and in June, 1901, received the degree M.M.E. from the University. When the Electrical Department was formed in 1896 at Tech he became Instructor in Electricity, receiving his appointment as Assistant Professor in 1901.

CHARLES M. ALLEN, M.S..Assistant Professor of Experimental Engineering.

Professor Allen received his collegiate preparation at the Walpole High School, and after working three years at the builder's trade, he entered the Worcester Polytechnic Institute with the Class of 1894. After he received his degree he returned to Tech as an instructor and received the degree M.S. in 1900. In 1902 he was made Assistant Professor of Experimental Engineering. Professor Allen is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and is an inventor of note. One of his principal inventions is that of the Allen Flow Recorder, which was described in a paper read by Professor Allen before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1902. We remember Professor Allen as our Instructor in Hydraulics, in which subject we had many interesting discussions.







Instructors



ROBERT C. SWEETSER, S.B.....	Inorganic Chemistry
DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B.....	Chemistry and Mineralogy
BENJAMIN S. MERIGOLD, A.M.....	Industrial Chemistry
ARTHUR W. EWELL, Ph.D.....	Physics
HOWARD C. IVES, C.E.....	Civil Engineering
NOAH ASHWORTH.....	Engines and Boilers
ARTHUR L. COOK, S.B.....	Electrical Engineering
DAVID L. GALLUP, S.B.....	Hydraulics and Drawing
CARL H. AU, S.B.....	Mechanical Engineering
CLIFFORD R. HARRIS, S.B.....	Woodwork
HOWARD P. FAIRFIELD, S.B.....	Machine Work
JOHN JERNBERG.....	Forge Work
CARL FORSMAN	Moulding

MISS EMILY M. HAYNES.....	Librarian
JOHN K. MARSHALL.....	Registrar

Biographical Sketch of Instructors

ROBERT C. SWEETSER, S.B.....Instructor in Inorganic Chemistry.

Mr. Sweetser is a W. P. I. Alumnus and a Worcester man. He was educated in the public schools of this city, preparing for Tech at Worcester High School. He received his S.B. with the Class of 1883, and has been one of our instructors since that time.

DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B.....Instructor in Chemistry and Mineralogy.

Mr. O'Regan graduated from Tech in 1891, spent two years in research work under Dr. G. D. Moore at the Institute and has since that time been instructor. He has been employed in journal work, serving as editor of *W. P. I.*, the former Tech publication; editor of the 1891 *Aftermath*, and as reporter at times for the Worcester dailies. Perhaps he is better known to the public as Principal of the Worcester Evening High School, having been connected with Worcester Evening Schools since his graduation in '91.

BENJAMIN S. MERIGOLD.....Instructor in Industrial Chemistry

Graduated from Harvard University in 1896. Entered Harvard Graduate School and spent the following four years working for doctors degree and doing some work as laboratory assistant, taking degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. in field of inorganic chemistry. Came to the W. P. I. as Instructor in Industrial Chemistry in 1900.

HOWARD C. IVES, C.E.....Instructor in Civil Engineering

Mr. Ives is a native of Cheshire, Conn. In 1898 he was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale. During the following year he took a post-graduate course at the same school and received the degree of C.E. In 1900 he was a member of the Engineering Corps of the New York Central R. R. Since the fall of 1901 he has been Instructor in the Civil Engineering Department. In conjunction with Professor French he has written a text-book on Stereotomy, which was published in 1902.

JOHN JERNBERG.....Instructor of Forging.

Mr. Jernberg came to Tech in 1882 and has since ruled in the Forge Shop, with the exception of six months spent at the Memorial Hospital, making surgical instruments. His popularity among the students is sufficient testimony for his methods.

CARL FORSMAN.....Instructor of Moulding.

Mr. Forsman was appointed in the summer of 1898. The growth of the foundry and increased production under his management has secured its reward in the building of the new foundry.

NOAH ASHWORTH Instructor in Management of Engines and Boilers.

Mr. Ashworth is a member of the Worcester Society of Stationary Engineers. We first came under Mr. Ashworth's instruction in the first half of our Sophomore year, when we took upon ourselves the responsibility of developing the power for the Washburn shops. Noah, as he is known on the hill, possesses a very congenial nature, and we thoroughly enjoyed being under his instruction.

HOWARD PARKER FAIRFIELD Instructor in Machine Work

Mr. Fairfield was born in the village of Patten, Maine, in the year 1858. He received his early instruction in the public schools of his native town, and, after a course at the Houlton Academy, he went to Boston, where he attended the Boston Evening Drawing School for Mechanical Drawing and Machine Designs. Afterwards he took special courses in Machine Design, Steam Engineering and Physics at the Case School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, Ohio, and a short course in Valve Design with Professor Cecil Peabody of M. I. T. From 1878 to 1890 he was with the S. A. Woods Machine Co., the B. and A. R. R., and the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Co. From 1890 to 1900 he was Instructor in Machine Design Drawing and overseer of shop work at the Case School, Cleveland. Since 1900 he has been Head Instructor in Machine Practice at W. P. I. Mr. Fairfield is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Eastern Manual Training Association, and the N. E. Association of Teachers of Metal Work.

ARTHUR L. COOK, S.B. Assistant in Electrical Engineering

Mr. Cook entered Tech in the fall of 1897 from the English High School, and graduated with the Class of 1901. The summer of 1901 he spent with General Electric Company, to which he expects to return next year. This is his second year as Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering.

CHARLES R. LINGLEY, S.B. Instructor in English and German

Mr. Lingley prepared for college at the Classical High School, from which he graduated in 1896. He entered Tech the next fall and graduated with the Class of 1900, its only General Scientific member. After two years as Instructor in the Barre High School he was appointed Instructor in English and German under Professor Cutler, and his first year in the new roll has been unusually successful as shown by his popularity among the Freshmen.

DAVID L. GALLUP, S.B. Instructor in Mechanical Engineering

Mr. Gallup became assistant in the mechanical department in the summer of 1901, having graduated with honor in June of that year. His popularity while a student has followed him as Instructor.

CARL H. AU, S.B.....Instructor in Mechanical Engineering

Mr. Au graduated with the Class of 1902, standing at the head of his class. He was appointed assistant in the mechanical department during the summer and has displayed his ability to no small extent.

CLIFFORD R. HARRIS, S.B.....Instructor in Woodwork

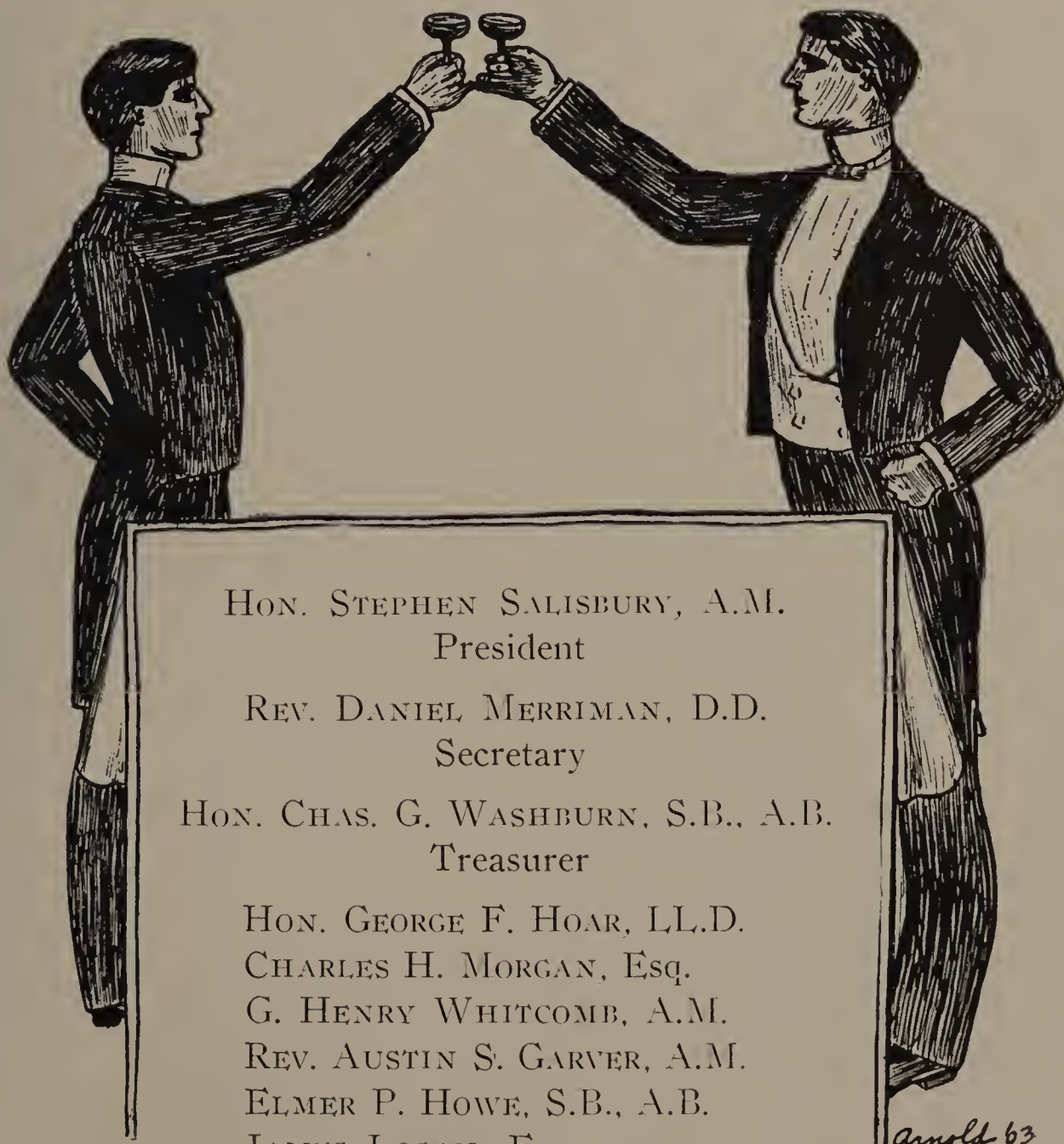
Mr. Harris is a W. P. I. graduate of the Class of 1896. He taught manual training in Lowell High School before coming to Tech as Head Instructor in wood-work in 1899.

ARTHUR W. EWELL, Ph.D.....Instructor in Physics

Dr. Ewell was graduated from Yale Sheffield Institute and took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins. He came to Tech in 1901 as Instructor in Physics.



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HON. HERBERT PARKER.

Ex-Officio

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Classics





CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

Freshman Class



ABBOTT, GEORGE H.
ADAMS, ERWIN A.
ALDRICH, ELBERT C.
BOUTELLE, LOUIS W.
BROOKS, LEWIS M.
BROWN, EDWIN A.
BUCKARD, CHARLES A.
BURGESS, ALVIN B.
CHILDS, ALBERT T.
CONGDON, CLARENCE E.
CUNNINGHAM, W. EARLE.
DERICK, CLARENCE G.
DICKERMAN, JOHN A., Jr.
ELDRIDGE, MARK.
FARNSWORTH, SIDNEY W.
FRARY, CHARLES S.
GARRISON, GODDARD K.
GODDARD, ISAAC.
GOODRUM, PERCY F.
GRAHAM, CHARLES J.
GREEN, FRANKLIN C., Jr.
HALL, RAYMOND S.
HARRINGTON, DANIEL A., Jr.
HUBBARD, JOHN F.
HULBERT, TIMOTHY A.
JACOBS, RALPH H.
KENDALL, CHESTER M.
LANCASTER, GEORGE Y., Jr.
LANPHEAR, ROY S.
LEWIS, HOWARD O.
LYNCH, THOMAS M.
MALONE, JOHN E.
MANNING, JAMES H.
MARSH, CLIFFORD H.
MARSH, LEON J.

MARTIN, GEORGE R.
MELLOR, ALBERT D.
MELLSOP, CLIFTON E.
MERRILL, EDWARD C.
MERWIN, MERRITT B.
MILNER, FREDERIC W.
MORE, EVERETT H.
MULLIN, URBAN A.
NEWTON, EVANS K.
PEIRCE, JOHN P. B.
PETERS, FRED.
PETTENGILL, JOSEPH K.
PIERCE, BERT. E.
POWERS, A. RAYMOND.
REEVE, LEROY N.
ROGERS, ERLE.
ROGERS, HAROLD W.
SOMERVILLE, HAROLD E.
STEARNS, WALTER D.
STENZ, CARL G.
STREETER, HARRY M.
TOUCEY, CLARENCE M.
TOWN, WILLIS L.
TRYON, EDWARD J.
TUCKER, CHARLES L.
WALTERS, RALPH A.
WARDWELL, W. EMORY.
WHEELER, DONALD J.
WHITE, LESTER M.
WIGGIN, HERBERT H.
WILBER, DANA W.
WILLIAMS, RICHARD C.
WOODWARD, RALPH W.
WRIGHT, EDWARD, Jr.

History of the Class of 1906



MEN have come to take the place of men, and others in turn have come to take the place of them; generation has followed generation; days have formed the months, months the years, and the years have gradually grown into centuries; thus it has been since the beginning and thus it will be to the end. And as it is with the history of the world, so it is with the history of "Tech." New instructors have taken the places of the old; classes have come and gone, and classes will come and go, on and on forever, for "Tech" is immortal.

On the 17th of September, 1902, the class of 1906 came to play its role in this continual drama. Some 105 reported at Boynton Hall on the afternoon of the date just given, and out of this number 83 remained to form that glorious class whose deeds I am about to relate.

It is a well demonstrated fact that all Freshmen at other colleges, as well as at "Tech," are green, and '06 has been no exception, as any of the upper classmen will testify; yet its greenness was but temporary. The proof that it was such was clearly shown by the way it took the honors in the cross-countries.

The first cross-country run was held October 7th, and although the race resulted decidedly in favor of the Juniors, the Freshmen showed up well, and it was clear that there was among them much undeveloped material. The score of the first run was as follows: Juniors, 117; Freshmen, 65, and Sophomores, 31. The second run, held October 22nd, resulted in favor of the entering class, and greatly lessened the distance between them and their rivals, the Juniors. The combined score—Juniors 182, Freshmen 138, and Sophomores 85, indicated that the victory for '04 was not so certain as might have been thought by the results of the first run.

The third and last of the cross-country took place October 31st. In this race the Freshmen showed the true material of which they were made. The course of this run was much harder than either of the two preceding. It started at the goal posts upon Bliss Field and went from there to Newton Square, where the first checking was made. Leaving Newton Square, the course led up the west slope of Bancroft Hill and then through Peat Meadow

swamp. It was in the last mentioned place that the runners encountered their greatest difficulty, but the Freshmen proved equal to the task, and when the checking was made at the Highland Military Academy they were well in the lead. The remainder of the course was down Salisbury street to the corner of West street, where the finish was made.

At the checking at the Highland Military Academy, Brooks was in the lead and probably would have had the honor of crossing the line first had he not taken a longer course and thereby lost several yards, which set him back in eighth place. Howbeit, enough Freshmen, among whom Yazijian, Lancaster, Milner and Frary are deserving of much praise, passed the tape in time to raise their score above that of the Juniors, making the totals as follows—Freshmen 251, Juniors 248, and Sophomores 116. The winners also have the honor of being the first Freshmen to have their numerals placed upon the banner.

The honors of the cross-countries did not so overcome the Freshmen but that they were ready to win more in the foot ball season. Out of the 16 “W’s” awarded to the players, five went to the Freshmen. But I will not dwell longer upon the Freshmen ’Varsity work, but turn directly to the work of the Freshmen team, which has more to do with its history.

The first game was played with the Highland Military Academy October 18th, on the grounds of the Academy. During the first part of the game “Tech’s” work was not of the best order, due chiefly to the want of practice. The Academy began the contest by rushing the ball to “Tech’s” twenty-five yard line, when the latter pulled herself together and turned the tide of battle. Cunningham made the only touch down of the game, and “Tech’s” failure to kick the goal left the final score 5 to 0 in favor of the visitors. The victory to a certain extent was due to the presence of certain friends from the Oread, who inspired our players with life and vigor. Their presence had its greatest effect upon Cunningham, Brooks and Wiggin.

The second game of the season was with the Southbridge High School, November 1st, at Southbridge. The first part of this game was also loosely played and the lack of unity came near losing the game for the visitors. But towards the close of the first half the team got together and Harrington made a 40-yard run for a touch down, which was the only scoring of the first half. In the second half “Tech” got the ball upon a fumble, and by good team work succeeded in making her second and last touch down, but failed to kick the goal. Southbridge did not score at all, thus leaving the final score—W. P. I. ’06, 10; S. H. S., 0. Not being satisfied with taking the game, one of the visitors thought it advisable to take the ball also, and now each member of the team has a piece as a souvenir.

The third game was played at Fitchburg, November 8th, with the Fitchburg High School. In this '06 was obliged to lose one of her best players, Cunningham, but was helped out by Freshmen from the 'Varsity team, and won an easy victory. The star play of the game was made by Bowtelle, when he carried the ball down the field for a forty-yard gain. The score was—W. P. I. '06, 15; F. H. S., 0. As acquaintances are often made in the most unexpected places it is not strange that the athletic form of Burgess attracted the attention of one of Fitchburg's fair sex. The incident has led to the interchange of many letters and, it is safe to say, to a few personal interviews. We will, however, leave the outcome in the hands of the class prophet.

The fourth and last game of the season, as my readers well remember, was the annual contest between the two lower classes. It was played at the Oval, November 22nd. The game had long been looked forward to, and both teams were in good condition. In the preliminary practice the Freshmen appeared to be by far the superior. But, as in all the other games which the Freshmen played, it took some time to get into working order, and on this occasion it took a little too long, for before they could pull themselves together the Sophomores had carried the ball over the line for a touch down. The goal was kicked and with that the scoring ended for the first half. When the teams appeared on the field for the second half it was clear that the Freshmen had undergone a decided change. The playing was no longer ragged and loose, but sharp and snappy, and the team played with much more unity. Although they were not able to raise the score above that of their opponents, they clearly outplayed them in every respect. The final score was 6 to 6.

The present historian takes this opportunity to congratulate both teams, as well as their respective classes, for the sportsman-like manner in which they conducted themselves, and he expresses his sincere wish for many more similar contests.

For a brief summary of the season it may be said that out of the four games played '06 has won three and lost none. Every victory has been won in a fair and square manner. The men who have earned their class numerals are Brooks, Burgess, Bowtelle, Cunningham, Graham, Garrison, Harrington, Manning, Martin, Mulvey, Peters, Malone, Merrill, Pierce and Wiggin.

Originality is always deserving of much praise, but seldom recognized. The class of 1906 has, in the holding of her banquet, started a custom which is destined to live throughout the history of the Institute.

The banquet was held at the Commonwealth Hotel, November 8th. It was a grand success from beginning to end, and the class owes much to the committee who had it in charge. Harrington was toastmaster and filled the office in every detail. All the speaking was good and every one present appreciated Hempy's toast to the faculty.

When the call for candidates for the basket ball team was given '06 was not slow to respond. She offered five candidates, two of whom made the team, and kept up the reputation of the class in that department.

My readers must not think that athletics is the only part of "Tech" life in which the present Freshmen class has excelled, for in her studies she has done equally as well. Hempy's and Wright's chemical researches, as well as Garrison's lectures upon European travel, will soon appear beyond a doubt in the leading magazines of the day. Brooks has added several new words to the English language, which will be of great assistance to all modern writers.

At this point the history of the class of 1906 ends for the first semester, and although the number of her men has been somewhat decreased for various reasons which I will not mention here, she will, it is safe to say, have just as glorious a history during the second half year of her life. The class owes her deepest gratitude to President Mulvey, who has worked hard and faithfully for her welfare.





CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

Sophomore Class

Mechanical Engineering

BREAKER, HARRY O.
BURKE, WILLIAM H.
CLANCY, RICHARD J.
GAVIN, ROLAND H.
HILL, FREDERIC K.
LEWIS, RUSSELL W.

ROSADO, MANUEL G.
SOUTHWICK, FREDERIC W., Jr.
STEVENS, BILLINGS M.
VINTIN, WILLIAM W.
WALKER, WALTER H.
WOOLDRIDGE, ARTHUR R.

Electrical Engineering

BOWKER, GEORGE A.
CLAPP, F. BOARDMAN, Jr.
COLE, ALBERT N.
DRAKE, CHESTER W.
ENBERG, STERN R.
FORD, LEROY S.
GILBERT, CHARLES H.
HAGUE, ROBERT L.
HOLCOMB, ANSON M.
INGHAM, WALTER P.
JOHNSON, JOSEPH R.
KANE, JOHN J.
LOOMIS, EVERETT E.

MAGNA, JOSEPH N.
MAGRAW, LESTER A.
MORSE, ARTHUR W.
MORSE, ERNEST C.
NIXON, LOUIS G.
OSGOOD, HARRY W.
REDDING, W. CHESTER.
SCOTT, EDGAR C.
SMITH, HEMAN W.
STINE, J. WALDO.
TOWER, CHARLES H.
WARE, CARL A.
WINTERSGILL, HARRY L.

Civil Engineering

BROWN, BURTIS S.
CLOGHER, ALEXANDER.
COLE, ALDEN B.
DADMUN, FRANK A.
EMERSON, WILLIAM S.
FITCH, ROY A.
FRENCH, ROGER DeL.

HOLDEN, GEORGE S.
LARNED, HAROLD B.
MOAKLEY, ROBERT E.
RODRIGUEZ, BENITO A.
STEIMER, WILLIAM A.
WARNOCK, WILLIAM H.

Chemistry

BLISS, BENJAMIN B.
CHICKERING, HORACE M.
EDDY, HARVEY M.
GOODNOW, EDWARD H.

HILBERT, FREDERIC L.
QUINLAN, FRANK J.
WRIGHT, BURNETT B.

The History of 1905



THE LUCKLESS Historian paused; to do justice to the Story of Nineteen Five was far beyond his pen, but the powers that be had so ordered. He could only choose that motto, dedicated to Freshman English: "Obedience to Law is Liberty!"

It all began, and some of us saw the finish also, when "Doc." wound up his "spiel" of welcome with this brilliant climax: "43 pages in Hall and Knight's Algebra, 67 pages in Genung's Rhetoric, 11 pages of translation in etc., etc." This was Tech! But a class of our calibre was not slow to swing into the true Tech spirit. In the shops we speedily became very proficient in the use of glue and sawdust—or possibly the judicious application of a little H_2O so that our tight-fitting joints became the source of infinite joy, supreme delight to the eagle eye of Mr. Hinky. And then there was Danny, the Danny who lured us beyond our depth into the quagmires and quicksands of modern chemistry. Oh, those innocent little questions in chem. quiz, enticing, seducing, always treacherous, baiting us on to this and that admission, until at last HF becomes a harmless disinfectant, a gentle antiseptic, "suitable for a throat-spray!" In the face of all this can you deny that our class scintillates with brilliancy, its very peculiarities being marks of genius.

For us athletics have assumed a neutral tinge; we have tasted neither the glory of conquest nor the bitterness of defeat. In the cross-country runs we can boast a few good point-winners, but our entry list has ever been too small to hope for victory against the whole field. As to the inter-class games, our first one with the Sophs. was a rather tame affair. Unable to score against us, they forfeited the game by leaving with the ball before time was called. But our second encounter in the spring showed a good bit more of enthusiasm. It started with a base-ball game in which we hold the honors; but the appearance of a tiny sign changed the entire aspect of the peaceful game—it meant war. The captains marshaled their hosts in compact bodies; the one phalanx, relying on a momentum increasing every second, hurled itself upon the other. The shock of the two columns was like to an irresistible force meeting an immovable body; both were disintegrated and the human parasites, wedged in between the two, were well nigh crushed. It was chaos! A man would rush into the vortex, fearless—he would emerge, pant-

less. But little he recked his trousers' loss, for there, almost within reach of his aching fingers is the coveted sign. Such a struggle can not last much longer—too late. The hands are counted and as his plight dawns upon him, out of pity we drop the curtain.

In the following fall the Freshman mantle with its vivid hue of a peculiar primary color, fell upon the shoulders of Nineteen Six, a class well fitted for "the wearing of the green." But this new antagonist did not distract our attention from our old traditional one. With the Senior Class as a sturdy ally, we kept a strict watch for any sign of a "Half Way Thro'." Nor was our vigil vain, for the news leaking out, we knew the when and the where. What more could we ask? By gathering our forces quietly near the Lincoln Square Station that eventful night, we were able to capture two doughty Juniors who recklessly strayed from the protection of a cordon of Worcester's bluecoats. Meanwhile the strong arm of the law assisted the remaining meek and subdued Juniors up the steps of their train. With courage reviving as the train pulled out a feeble cheer smote our ears; they were away for Jefferson.

Ten minutes later, the allies, showing their magnanimity by releasing their two captives, were rolling Jeffersonward in two heavily laden barges. A short distance from the Mt. Pleasant House the main force dismounted and advanced directly upon it, while a small flanking party was detached to gain the rear. While the battle was thus merrily going on at the front with varying success, the small party in the rear gained an entrance into the stronghold and seized portions of the feast so bountifully prepared for the expected guests. Well laden with booty, they rejoined their friends and divided the spoils of war. Within, bewildered by all the confusion, the besieged evidently felt the need of a ruler to preside over their disordered banquet, for when a worthy Senior wandered into their midst he was seized, hailed with joy and upon his consecrated head was poured the anointing frank—incense and myrrh. Then followed another assault, wild, reckless, destructive; the battering rams were demolishing the walls, leaving ruin in their wake, when an impenetrable Egyptian darkness enveloped all. "The tumult and the shouting died" for friend and foe were alike invisible. Elated over their success, the allies sought their rendezvous, only to hasten home to seek a belated rest, leaving the vanquished to camp upon the desolate ruins. The tradition of this struggle will perpetuate, for better or for worse, the names of Nineteen Three and Nineteen Five; when other events have sunk into oblivion, the memory of this night will be handed down from generation to generation to show how we lived up to the tradition handed down to us.

One final event completes our athletic history to date. Some weeks later the Freshman foot ball team, flushed by a successful season, sent us a challenge. Nothing loth to try them, we picked up a team that played them to a tie. And right here we got another crack at the Juniors, who, not content with a mere foot ball game, came prepared with a sign in the hope of inciting a class rush. Obtaining no satisfaction from us, their humiliation was complete when even the Freshmen ignored them. Oh, but they were ratty!

In the matter of Alumni, where other organizations point with pride to their lengthy list, we point with pride to the brevity of our own, for what else so well demonstrates our mental ability? We mourn for the few men we have lost, for they were good men and true, but they could not stand the pace of Tech. It takes no prophet to prophecy a brilliant future for us. And so, with a sublime trust in that future, we will shout, "Skoal to Nineteen Five! Skoal to Tech's largest, skoal!"



Electrical Term—Lightning Arrester



BOYNTON HALL—THE ORIGINAL BUILDING



CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

Junior Class



Mechanical Engineering

DAVIS, NORMAN C.	PUTNAM, FRANK L.
HARTSHORN, RALPH E.	RANKIN, ALFRED E.
HARVEY, HARRY E.	ROBERTS, EDWIN M.
LARKIN, EVERETT P.	ROBINSON, GEORGE A.
MERRITT, CLARENCE A.	SIBLEY, PHILIP L.
MITCHELL, W. HADWEN	THAYER, CHARLES F.
MORGRIDGE, WILLIAM F.	THOMPSON, H. LOUIS
MURDOCK, DAVID C.	WILD, ALFRED O.
PERRY, EDWARD C., JR.	WRIGHT, HAROLD C.

Electrical Engineering

ADAMS, FRANCIS J.	READ, FREDERICK W.
ADAMS, ROBERT W.	RICHARDSON, FREDERIC K.
ALLEN, FREDERIC E.	SARGENT, PERCY G.
FEIKER, FRED M.	THOMPSON, ALVAN M.
PETERSON, J. ALFRED	WEBBER, FRANK G.

General Scientific

HARRINGTON, CHARLES B.

Civil Engineering

BREWER, WILLARD S.	RICE, JOHN S.
CHADWICK, CHESTER R.	RYLANDS, JOHN H.
DICKERMAN, DWIGHT K.	STERLING, LEGRAND E.
MIRICK, RICHARD H.	WHEATON, WALTER R.
PELLISSIER, GEORGE E.	

Chemistry

BLOCK, HAROLD S.	FLETCHER, WILLIAM E.
CLARK, S. ROY	TAYLOR, GEORGE R.
DANIELS, FREDERICK C. T.	

1904



ON SEPTEMBER nineteenth, nineteen hundred, rather late in the noon, a body of fellows, destined to be known to history as the Class of 1904, gathered in the Chapel of Boynton Hall. This Hall stands on the top of a hill, the climb to which seems, as I look back, somewhat symbolic of our course at Tech.

On that great day, those of us who had escaped the axe in entrance exams., were told by a gentleman with a soft voice and benign smile why we came to Tech. Then Prof. Coombs hurled a few assignments at us and we were fairly started in our journey through Tech. Our attendance at the annual bargain sale at the Book and Supply Department was also solicited.

Soon after, we gathered in the wardroom of Washburn Shops and made the acquaintance of the head push, called "Hink," who informed us that it would be our pleasant duty to saw wood for eight hours per week. A sigh of relief was heard at the announcement that it was not cord wood.

We think, with regret of the pleasant hours spent in telling "Danny" all about his subject.

In our explorations of Boynton Hall one of the doors seemed out of place, so we removed it and installed a nice, new one at great expense and trouble to ourselves. In the goodness of their heart the Juniors introduced us to the Class of 1903 one evening in Harrington Field and we presented them with an elegant cane as a memento of the occasion.

On the foot ball team we were represented by Rylands, Schuermann, Philbrook and Burke.

Soon we encountered our first exams. and some of the men decided (with the assistance of the Faculty) that Tech was not their ideal and left for other realms.

Along toward the end of the second half we, in conjunction with the Sophomores, held an informal gathering in Bliss Field and nine men from each class gave a fine exhibition of base ball. After the game, which we won by the score of 12 to 7, we went across the field to interview our late opponents about an obnoxious sign which they displayed. After an amicable

conversation of a few minutes the upper classmen separated us, and while they were passing on the arguments of each side, the Senior holding the sign delivered it to the Sophs and they absconded with it.

At this time of the year Worcester's parks began to blossom out with the beauties of nature. Some of the fellows developed a wonderful interest in these parks and have been known to spend whole evenings in absorbed contemplation of the above mentioned beauties. The Civils spent their summer practice in one of these parks and 'tis said located even the benches. The Mechanics and Electrics passed their time during summer practice in throwing patterns, putty and brads at the toolroom monkey and bemoaning their having to stay there three weeks longer.

Fresh from our vacations, we returned in September to renew our acquaintance with German and to see what Physics, Descript and aught were. We have found out. A new President, Dr. Engler, greeted us and later announced that there must be no more inter-class socials or card parties, as he preferred ping pong or some equally innocent (?) amusement.

Instead we met the Class of '05 in a friendly game of foot ball. The match was called Gaelic foot ball, and the rules were ably expounded by some of the Juniors. The principal object of the game seemed to be to kick the other fellow's shins and incidentally the ball when a chance offered. After chasing the ball for half an hour some of the men lost interest and desiring to avoid further expenditure of energy, removed the ball, and as a result we all have small circular pieces of leather.

Again we met the exams. and upon differentiating our personal equations and solving for maxima, with respect to X ; X was found to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ years and so some men brought their connection with the Institute to a close.

In the spring we gave the Freshmen a lesson in ball playing, beating them 10-7. The sign-rush following we won and retired with the valuable bit of wood. The score was 16-8. On this occasion, as on many others, the clothing of the actors was far less complete at the end than at the beginning. A new brand of sleeveless shirts was introduced and collars and cuffs were picked up on the field by interested observers.

When we gathered in Boynton Hall to begin our third year in Tech it was seen that many faces were missing and it was a much smaller class than met there two years previous.

One afternoon the word was passed around to meet at Union Station and take the 8.05 train for Jefferson. After strolling around South Worcester a sufficient number of us arrived at Union Station to guard the doors of the train and assist our suffering classmen to escape from the all too

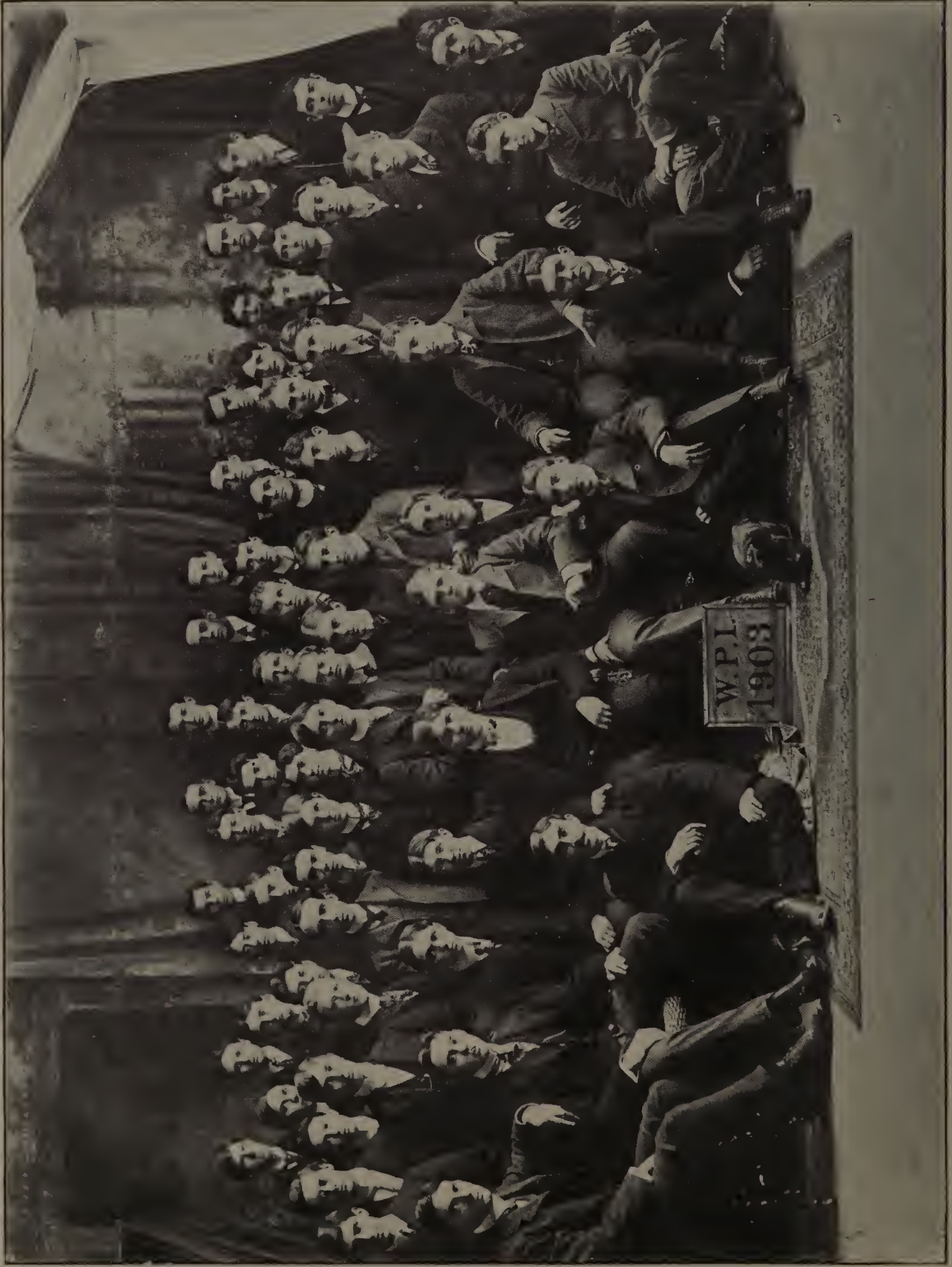
loving embraces of the other classmen at Lincoln Square. When we arrived at Jefferson we walked over to the hotel and after a pleasing supper we retired to the dance hall and awaited our friends. They arrived and stormed the doors, and for a time sticks, gravel, cornstarch, apples and beer bottles flew in every direction. About 11.30 the other classmen tired of the fun and retired. The badly rattled proprietor now took a survey of damages. The floor was covered with rocks, broken glass (from the windows) and apples, the door smashed, broken chairs scattered around and a general air of having seen things doing pervaded the place. The feelings of the guests at the hotel were described in heartrending terms by the proprietor. The next day strange rumors of claims for damages were traveling around the hill and a general groan went up when it was found that the bill was \$165. The men of the three upper classes, however, held a meeting and each man was assessed to pay the bill and the incident was closed.

Another period of exams. has passed and we find that none have left. We are now more than half way up in our climb, already the summit is in view and in another year we hope to take our places among the Alumni.



Boiler Room Term—Pipe Connections





FRESHMAN YEAR

History of 1903



Freshman Year

ON A BRIGHT DAY in September, 1899, a group of youths of all sorts and sizes, looking more like a part of Coxey's army than anything else, assembled in Boynton Hall.

Dr. Mendenhall, President of the Institute at that time, gave the funny looking bunch a hearty welcome, for he knew that they were the coming class. However, the lessons he assigned made not a few of that bunch wish they were back in Prep. or High School.

That evening was spent in turning the leaves of just a few books, and in pleasant (?) anticipation of the work ahead.

During the next few days the class became acquainted with Professors enough to keep it busy. What with Prof. Conant with his probability, Prof. Kinnicutt with his cigarettes and "Blue Books," Prof. Coombs with his French, and a few more, we were kept busy enough. We did the usual work of the Freshies, from trying to bluff U. Waldo to seeing how much fun Dan O'Regan could get out of us. We also welcomed Hink to the school, and tried to make things seem like home unto him, while George Washington was rung in occasionally, and we all tried to see who could waste the most wood. At the same time we condescended to show Hink our marvels in sawdust and glue, which he said could not be beaten, if he did try to play ball with them.

Occasionally a member would try to recite Algebra with the French division, but we soon got acquainted with our surroundings and knew Boynton Hall from Elm Park.

We had only been in school a short time when the Sophs challenged us to a cane rush. Their social invitation was promptly accepted, and the gala day prepared for. We were an artistically decorated group when we went forth to become acquainted with 1902, but that did not stop us from getting in the hustle.

The gathering only lasted three minutes, but by that time 1902 had become well enough acquainted with us, and the cane was ours by a score of 17 to 9.

That evening we paraded the streets and let the people know that there was only one class at Tech they need notice.

But the glory of defeating 1902 was not quite the same as the glory of defeating 1900 at foot ball. And after they had told of the many things they would do to us, but we were all wearing our rabbits' feet that day.

That most delightful week of exams. soon same and we lost a few, but the rest came through swimmingly.

In the second half we made acquaintance with a few new subjects, but Tech was just the same as ever—one long dream.

In the spring games we created a new sensation by taking the meet. With men like Stanton, Gallup, Parsons and a few others it was easy. Then it was that we thought it about time to celebrate our deeds. So Sunday morning after '02 had gone to bed like nice little boys, the usual sign board received a new coat of paint, and it needed it bad. The artistic bit of work which that barn showed next morning won the admiration of all the professors, especially A. L. S.

Just before the final exams. we had a game of ball with the Sophs, but it was so easy that after the fourth inning, with the score 11 to 2 against them, we went and took a naughty sign from them. We also took a few other things as mementos of the jollification. Final exams. loomed on the horizon, and after the usual cramming and scribbling we separated to spend the summer each to his own fancy.

Sophomore Year

The fall of 1900 saw us back to the workshop on the hill once more, some of us glad to get back, and others who would have liked to have had a few weeks' more rest. We renewed a few acquaintances before we climbed to the chapel. Here we listened to Doc.'s song of welcome with the usual attachment of lessons for the next day.

This year we ran into a few new Professors, who seemed to have a desire to see how much work we could do. Professor Sinclair tried to teach us the equations for curved lines of beauty and other funny figures in Analytical Geometry; Professor Smith tried to see what advantage Descriptive Geometry had in causing an enlargement of the brain; while Prof. Haynes helped us to wade through a little classic German. We met Professor Cutler in Ski-Deutch and learned a few things about the structure of coral reefs and deep sea fish. We made the acquaintance of a brainy little man in Physics, which we all had to take, and how we enjoyed his lectures.

This was our busy year and the busy year card was hung on the office doors, yet we were into everything doing.

The Juniors (1902) presented the Freshmen with a nice cane, and although they did their best to help them keep it, we wouldn't see it that way.

The rush was held on Harrington Field. (The Y. M. C. A. hand-books will give you the directions for reaching the place.) And it was nearly dark

when the rush started. Dan obligingly fired his cap snapper a couple of times in order to let us know when the seance was over. Well, it is sufficient to say the cane was sawed up a few days later and we each obtained a slice.

The cross-country runs came our way, as we had the best men there were in the races. Foot ball received the support of the class and was served well. Spence as captain and quarterback, Walsh and others did great work.

The Juniors thought it about time for their Half Way Thro' one night and tried to quietly depart for a little spot on the map called Leicester. We couldn't see them leave as if they were afraid, so were on hand to bid them farewell. A few were provided with a hack in order to inspect the condition of the roads between Holden and Worcester, and a few others were taken where they could rest.

Finally with the aid of a few of Worcester's finest 1902 managed to tear themselves away from their enjoyment and depart for Leicester. We also went along and helped them to enjoy themselves hugely.

They ate their banquet under the soft glow of candles, other lights having failed them. But they enjoyed themselves even if ice cream and cake were missing and the songs of the Town Clerk and a few more soloists drowned their toasts, at least that is what they say.

Exams. soon came, and by following Doc. Kinnicutt's advice to cram, most of us came through safely.

The second half was but little different from the first. Analytical Geometry was dropped and Calculus taken in its place. We also dropped English, much to our—shall we say sorrow?

We found enough to keep us busy, however. A dose of Calc six times a week with a little Physics and German on the side kept us awake quite a few nights per week.

In the spring engagement of base ball and sign rush we lost the first, but kept the sign in spite of a strenuous resistance of the Freshies.

Exams. once more appeared, and after we had had a try at them we departed for new scenes.

Junior Year

Once more we climb the old familiar stairs to the chapel to be met this year by the present President, Dr. Engler. We received a hearty welcome, and listened to the now quite familiar hymn of being good and upright, so those following might see our good examples and do likewise.

This was to be the year we were to do a little studying and enjoy ourselves the rest of the time. How we had anticipated the pleasant evenings we were going to spend at the lake, the theatre, bike riding and the like, where two could be happy together.

Alas! our pipe dream was to be broken, and our castles rudely tumbled down, for with lab. reports for Professor Duff, Mechanics for Professor Kingsbury, Poly. Econ. for Professor Haynes and a few other subjects, we saw our bright vision vanish.

We again met our old friend English this year under the disguise of "Literature." What a fine exercise it was for the cultivation of the imagination; and bluff and sentiment were at a premium.

How well we remember the touching manner in which "A Man's a Man for a' That" was rendered by a past member.

And Electricity. We must not forget that. That subject which you study and work only to find in a test you divided by two when it ought to have been four, or you reasoned it out and got zero.

A few days after our return to Tech we quietly assembled at the Bay State House by twos and fours to have our Half Way 'Thro'. The other classes were quietly snoozing or plugging and didn't even dream of what was going on, nor did they have the spunk to appear when telephoned for.

Promptly at the time set we marched into the banquet hall, where we enjoyed ourselves for the next couple of hours eating and then listening to toasts and speeches.

Later we journeyed around and let the people and Professors know that something had been doing.

The cross-country runs received the usual attention of the class this year and again we won.

Foot ball received the usual support, several men playing on the team, and doing good work. The class again furnished a captain for the team for the second time.

As the Freshies and Sophs were too tender to have a cane rush, a game of association foot ball was held, both classes engaging. It was funny for a little time to see the howling crowd that tried to stick their toes into the cowhide. Here and there a little mix-up would occur and friendly greetings exchanged, but if the 1904 men had not skipped away with the ball while the Freshies slept, the game would still be going on.

Exams. soon came along to relieve the monotony, and with a little effort most of us took a fall out of them.

The second half was but little different from the first. One or two subjects were dropped and new ones taken in their places.

A Tech Cotillion had been formed during the first half and here might be found those who loved to shake a peg. Saturday evenings were pleasantly passed in this manner, and how well we remember what delight it gave one man to "give her a whirl."

We watched the two under classes get together in the spring in their base ball game and sign rush and quietly sighed that all such strenuous pleasures were past.

Just before the exams, a class supper was held at Newton Hall and it was voted a success by all.

Exams, again came around and we once more left for work or rest.

Senior Year

Our senior year found most of us with a realization that it was time to be up and doing, if we were not already doing so. Thus we set ourselves bravely to work, and we got it too—oh, yes, all we wanted. With a couple of lab. reports a week, Mechanics, Thermo and a few more we were kept busy enough.

We dropped English this year, preferring to take a course in finding which end of a telescope to look through. How well we enjoyed staking out building lots, measuring plots of land and doing a few more civil engineering stunts. This year we had to give up shop work, too, and we did miss the whirr of the wheels.

Having won the cross-country runs for the past two years, we thought it about time to step one side and let the other classes have a show.

Foot ball was as well supported as ever and the team did something rare. They won a couple of games. The team had always played good, hard, clean games and only the lack of practice and training prevented them from winning more games.

The two lower classes had a foot ball game from men picked from the classes and a good game was played, the score being a tie when time was called. There was no mix-up of any kind, for with a penalty in sight for any rough house tactics neither class did anything but yell.

Exams, came again with their usual promptness and we all squeezed through.

The second half proved a let up for all hands except the electrics, and they were as busy as ever, and a little more so.

Thesis work having been picked out, each man spent his allotted time in research or other work.



SENIOR YEAR

Senior Class



Mechanical Engineering

ARNOLD, ARTHUR A.
BALDWIN, H. FAY.
BERGER, JOSEPH W.
BROOKS, WALTER P.
CAMPBELL, ARTHUR W.
CHAFFIN, EDWIN G.
DARLING, ALBERT W., Jr.
GEARY, THOMAS W.
HARDING, HARRY N.
HARRIS, CARL C.
HAYWARD, RALPH H.

HOBBS, ADELBERT.
KIMBALL, ALBERT N.
MESLER, CLINTON S.
PARSONS, EDMUND S.
PERKINS, ENOCH.
POTTER, HENRY J.
READ, GEO. F., Jr.
SHAW, RAYMOND E.
SPENCE, JOHN C.
WERNECK, ELPIDIO DEL.

Electrical Engineering

DEARBORN, RICHARD J.
DICKINSON, LEWIS E.
FOOT, BENJAMIN D.
GODDARD, WALTER T.
ILSLEY, LEE C.
KIMBALL, EDWARD W.

KNIGHT, CARL D.
MOREHOUSE, HARRY W.
MUNROE, GEORGE E.
SANDFORD, J. ADDISON, Jr.
STONE, EDWARD L., Jr.
TRUESDELL, RALPH E.

General Scientific

HENDRICKS, HENNING V.

HOWE, C. FLETCHER.

Civil Engineering

CHARLETON, ROBERT W.
FEIGENSON, WILLIAM H.
FIFIELD, HENRY L.
HALL, ROBERT E.

HUTCHINS, EDWARD.
NICKERSON, RALPH W.
TUFTS, HERBERT W.

Chemistry

BUNKER, GEORGE C.
CRAWSHAW, J. EDWARD.
LANE, J. HAROLD.

LYFORD, C. ALLEN.
POPE, WALTER B.
WILLARD, CHARLES T.

CLASS OFFICERS.



Freshman

1st Term.

President, GALLUP.
Vice President, C. A. BACON.
Secretary, EMERSON.
Treasurer, WILLARD.

2nd Term.

President, SPENCE.
Vice President, NORCROSS.
Secretary, MACKENZIE.
Treasurer, CROSS.

Sophomore

1st Term.

President, STONE.
Vice President, READ.
Secretary, HARRIS.
Treasurer, BROOKS.

2nd Term.

President, READ.
Vice President, HALL.
Secretary, POTTER.
Treasurer, DEARBORN.

Junior

1st Term.

President, HALL.
Vice President, POTTER.
Secretary, DEARBORN.
Treasurer, BROOKS.

2nd Term.

President, PARSONS.
Vice President, NICKERSON.
Secretary, KIMBALL.
Treasurer, ALLEN.

Senior

1st Term.

President, DEARBORN.
Vice President, HARRIS.
Secretary, HENDRICKS.
Treasurer, ARNOLD.

2nd Term.

President, DEARBORN.
Vice President, KNIGHT.
Secretary, KIMBALL.
Treasurer, SANDFORD.

Football Team

R.E. EAMES
R.T. PARSONS
R.G. MACKENZIE
C. READ
L.G. DENNIS
L.T. EMERSON
L.E. NORCROSS
Q.B. SPENCE
L.H. WALSH
R.H. HOBBS
F.B. MESLER

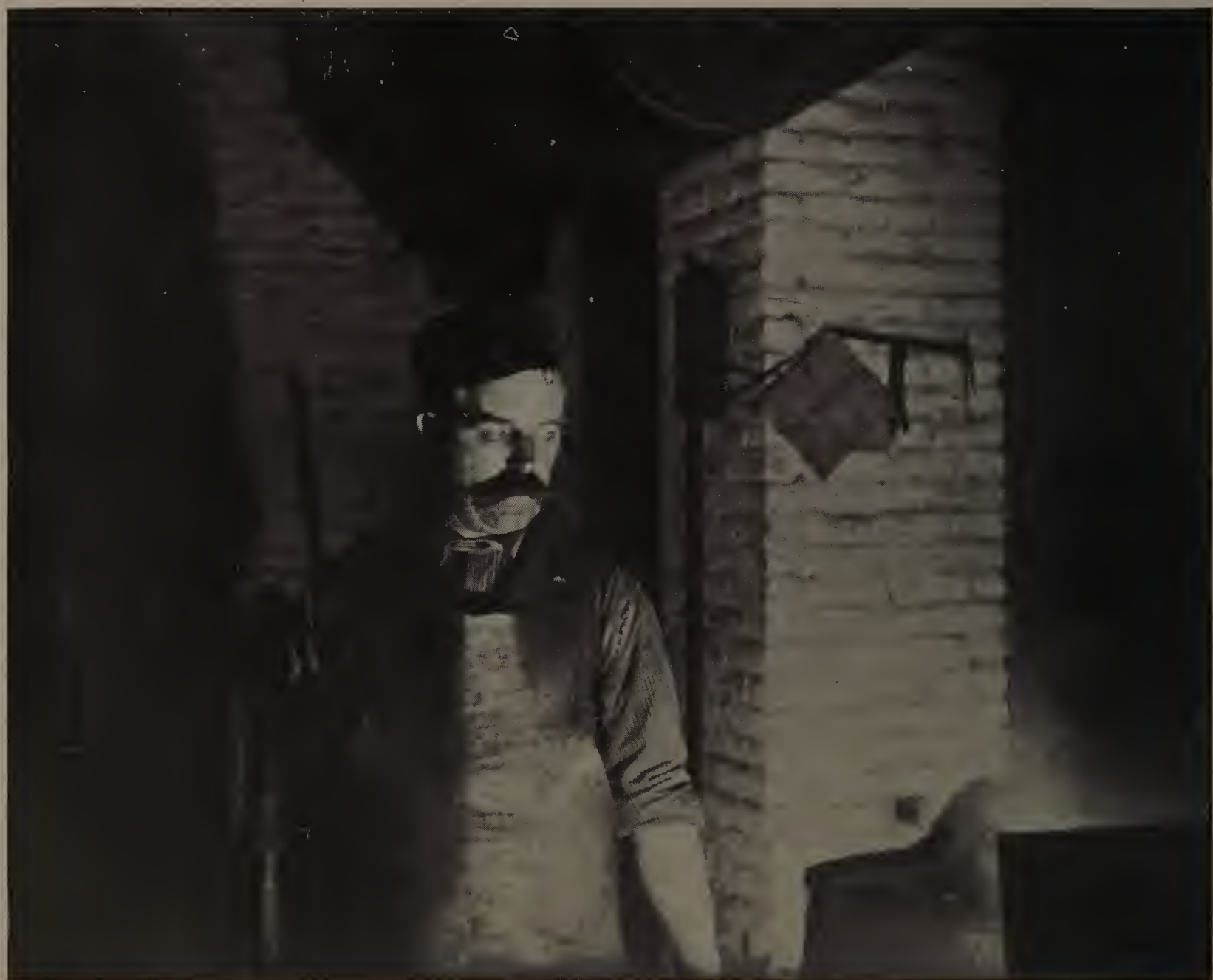
Baseball Team

1900.

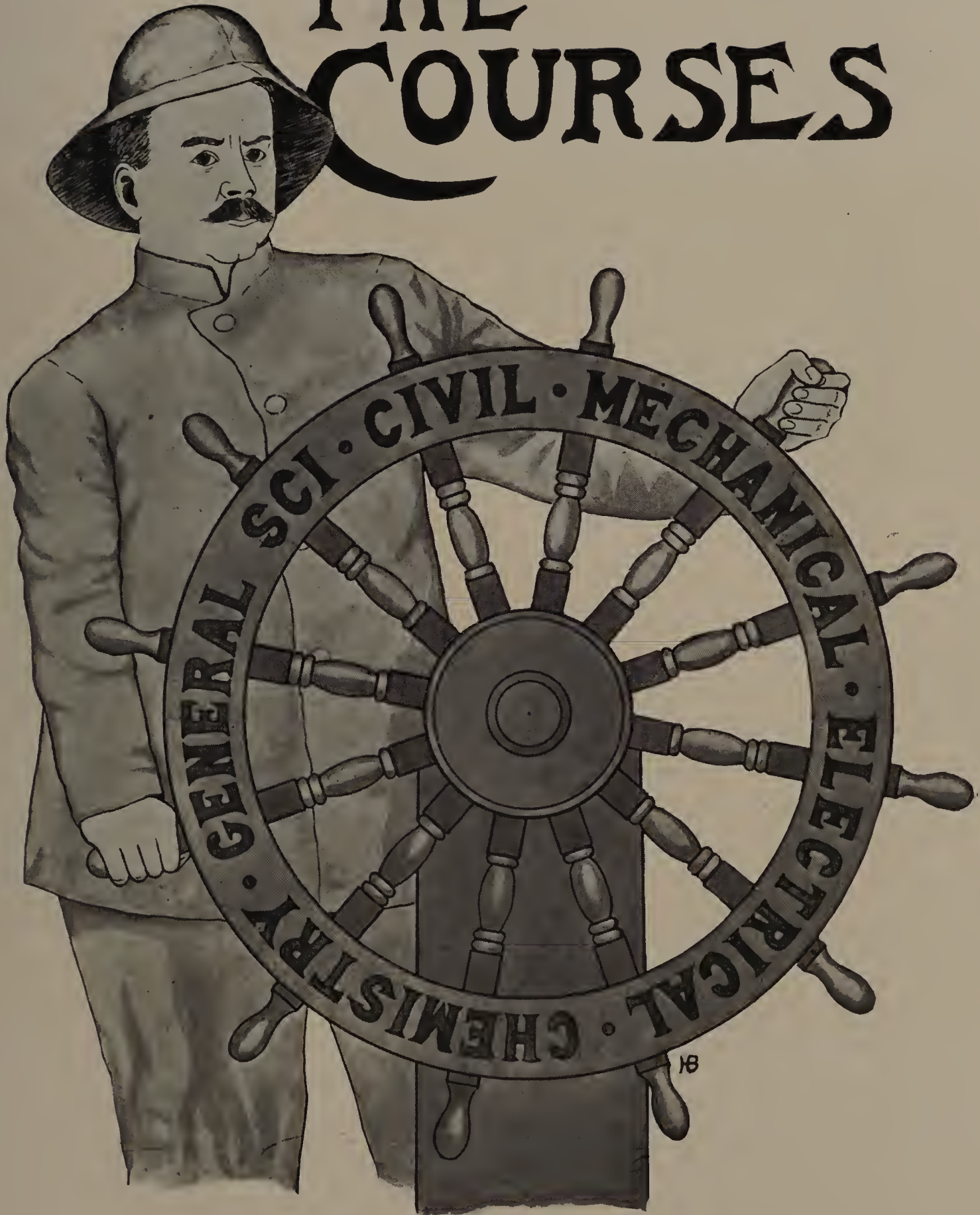
MOREHOUSE
CAMPBELL
STANTON
DARLING
EAMES
STONE
MESLER
NORCROSS
WALSH

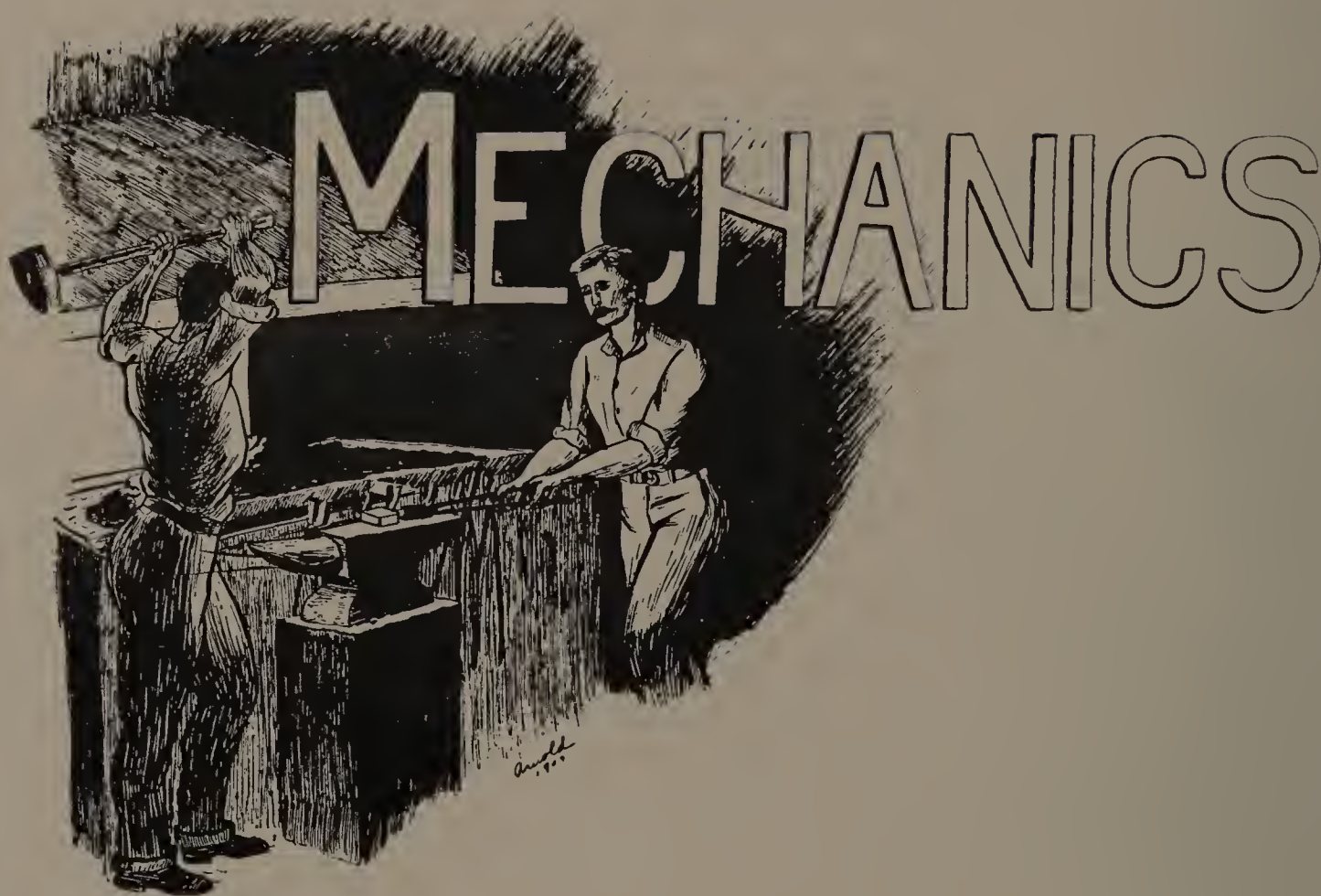
1901.

L.F.	TUFTS
C.F.	POTTER
R.F.	MESLER
3B.	DARLING
S.S.	STONE
2B.	MOREHOUSE
1B.	CAMPBELL
C.	NORCROSS
P.	WALSH



THE COURSES





"New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth."

ON THE 13th of September, 1889, the class of 1903 started in to do things here "on the hill." For the first half year we had to associate ourselves with theorists, reformers, cranks, agitators and every other old thing, including the chemists, civils, general scientifics and electricians. This was made necessary, as all the courses were the same for the first half year. At the beginning of the second term, however, we came to the cross-roads and each course started in its particular direction. It was at this crisis that the Mechanical Engineers decided to strive to pass the first four mile-stones on the road to fame by taking the Mechanical course.

At the very beginning our troubles began with the assignment of work, after which we purchased our books and supplies, and started in on our first night of "grinding." How vividly we all recall it! The next day came the recitations. In Algebra our misery began with the combinations and permutations of any old thing taken all possible ways at a time. In English, French and German we first appeared as linguists and soon made a record of reading between the lines. Training quarters were established and a full string of "horses" and "trot"-ters was secured. "Why! the idea!" We were all stars in free-hand drawing, but each was of a different magnitude.

We still remember two examples of convergency ; that of the railroad tracks and that of our instructor's feet, he having the habit of toeing in. Chemistry proved to be interesting, very. We made the acquaintance at this time of one "Danny" O'Regan, the mathematical clerk of Professor Kinnicutt. When the Doctor got things a trifle mixed or made a break Danny couldn't help but see it and would immediately produce a very audible smile, accompanied by a very rosy complexion. The misery of miseries was ushered in by "Willie" Nutt in the form of Inventional Geometry. Our marks in this subject fluctuated like the quotations of the stock market, caused principally by Willie's juggling.

All these, however, pass away with the wind and are forgotten, leaving our course in shop as the one monument of our enduring fame for the Freshman year. The busy hum of industry about the Washburn shops infused into us the true spirit of the mechanic. Each man with his overalls and jumper, rule and jackknife reported at the wood shop, and began sawing up cubes, which later came in handy as polo blocks. After a series of exercises at the bench we started to turn out things at the lathes, such as Grecian Beauty vases and others of peculiar form and shape. Frequently it happened that the work refused to remain between the lathe centers and would start on a journey through space, not even stopping for glass windows. Whenever that peculiar buzzing was heard it was a man's cue to get under cover. The patterns made out of a few splinters of wood, glue and sawdust are still preserved at the shop and are exhibited as perfect productions of student workmanship. Of course we lived up to the time-honored custom of giving the "George Washington stunt" whenever occasion demanded it. It will almost go without saying that such horse play as glueing up a tool chest door or nailing a horse to the floor and throwing patterns at "Eddie," the tool-room boy, and such matters, were not even thought of.

The breathing of sawdust and glue fumes gave us all good appetites, and so when "Pop" showed up with his baskets of refreshments and greeted us with "Hungry, gentlemen?" we simply had to give up to our feelings and declare a half hour intermission for lunch. The Chemists were stars in shop work, which was always O. K. Especially was this true of Lane and Pope. It was amusing to see how well the Civils got their Sunday school lessons when at work in the shop. They probably left many things unsaid, but as it was they uttered very many audible sounds at times. "Well," says "Hink," "it's a pretty poor job, but I'll take anything from a Civil." Wilcox, from Fall River, kept whittling until Thanksgiving recess, when his courage failed him and he left us to form a family circle in his native town.

It must be simply delicious to be in love, but if we have to lose as much time in dreaming as our instructor in woodwork lost we decline with thanks. We can never forget the dreamy, far-off look that he had during the time that Cupid was getting in his good work. Semi-occasionally, however, he would come back to earth and would get decidedly bad by allowing his ire to gain control over him. Why, he even threatened once to make a pancake out of Goddard.

We were not entirely workers of wood in our Freshman year, for in the second half we made the acquaintance of our good friend John, the blacksmith. John Jernberg is indeed the true type of the old New England blacksmith, and above all he is a man. Under him we learned his "forth and back" method of working iron and after completing the chain, we left him to make cores and moulds in the foundry.

In our Sophomore year we had more or less enjoyment in Mechanical Drawing and in the study of languages, especially in "Sky Dutch." Prof. Duff administered to us at regular intervals doses of Physics, which we swallowed more or less pleasantly. The triple alliance between "Descript," "Calc," and "Analyt" caused a great deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth and some of our number at the end of the year packed their little trunks and went home to mother.

This year our shop work was mainly in the machine shop, where we were informed of how they did things out in Cleveland. We were denied the pleasure this year of getting up at 5.30 in the morning and winding our way up Tech hill with the aid of a lantern in order to be on hand when the whistle blew at 7 o'clock A. M. This early morning hour was thought to be too strenuous for student life, so we were allowed to sleep an hour longer. We have received a good course in the machine shop, from which we have derived great practical benefit. The time-books may pass with honorary mention as may the female "dogs" and illegitimate files found in this department. The lard oil can was always in great demand at "quitting" time, the oil being a good solvent for dirt and grease. Many amusing stories are told by naughty-three men of their relation with the instructor in this department. "Well, now, Mr. So-and-so, I don't like to call a man down, but there are some men in the class who aren't doing as much work as they ought. I don't like to say anything personally, but—er—er, when I was out in Cleveland—er we had a fine class of boys out there; I wish you boys were like them." Well, yes, we could watch the journeymen work, but to speak to them was considered an unpardonable sin. We were requested to show due courtesy to the tool room boy, in order that the coefficient of

friction might be reduced to the minimum. This request was well borne in mind, as the following will show. First man, "Hey there, you kiki, give us one of those ere side tools."

Second man, "Most honored and efficient Sir,
Will you be so kind and condescending
As to stoop so low and bending
For to excavate a side-tool
From the crevice 'neath the bench."

Third man, "Hey there, you blankety, blank, blank kid, give me one of those blankety, blank, blank side tools from that blankety, blank, blank tool chest."

For a second time we made ourselves familiar with the blacksmith shop and foundry, and for a change we went down and shoveled coal in the boiler room for Noah.

In our Junior year the grinding continued. Physics, Electricity, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, Machine Design, English Lit., Poly. Sci., Poly. Con., all were buried with appropriate ceremony in the form of examinations. We found out James Watt's three guesses in Steam and studied couples without resistance in Mechanics. This year in the machine shop we had an interesting time both with ourselves and with the instructor.

In the last quarter of our college course we found ourselves up against a foe, Mechanics, worthy of our metal, but we won out with the best of feelings prevailing between the professor and the class. In Hydraulics we were inclined to lose our heads, but Kimball and Darling generally came to our rescue by asking a string of questions. There was always something doing in Thermo, and probably our greatest enjoyment came from the handling of reversed cycles and of entropy-temperature and pressure-volume diagrams. Soon after we had finished this subject the new book written by Prof. Reeve appeared, and caused a deal of dis-cussin. The greatest thing in the book was its dedication. "To my Wife," etc. No, the wind is not blowing; it is merely Prof. Reeve blowing off his steam to the Seniors. Surely in this course we listened to "The choice and master spirit of the age."

Our laboratory work was of the apple pie order. Especially was this true in electricity, where we amused ourselves by taking hold of live wires and short-circuiting everything that came our way, just to see the fuses blow. We proved our engineering ability in the boiler and engine tests and can now be classed as authorities in that line. On the whole we have thoroughly enjoyed our course in the Mechanical Laboratory and feel that the time and effort has been worth while. This year our shop work was re-

placed by an option of three electives, with a result of the entire class taking up civil engineering. Although a short course, we got a good deal out of it, and thought it a success until we struck the exam., which was a trifle lengthy. For this year our Machine Design was placed entirely in the last half, and with Contracts, Abstracts and Crane Design kept us from becoming homesick. As to Thesis, it merely tells us that the end is near, and that our four years of collegiate life will soon be a thing of the past.

As commencement draws nigh we feel that the best of good will prevails between the Faculty and the class, and it is with a sense of duty that we go out into the world to hold up the honor and standard of our Alma Mater. We stand upon the threshold of our engineering career, eagerly and earnestly awaiting the signal for action, in order to do our little part in directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man. We believe, "Of all men the engineer has the least occasion to be jealous, for he, more than any other, has to deal with materials and conditions which permit of no deception or false assumption." The men who are mastering the powers of nature will yet rise in the strength of united effort to meet the increasing responsibilities of the coming years. For it is theirs to build the foundation of the new civilization; it is theirs to establish material prosperity—the underlying condition for broader, fuller and higher life.

And now as we look back upon the past, a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure creeps over us, and we believe that the struggle has not been in vain and that the training we have received has well prepared us for our life work. Our companionships of four years standing will soon be severed, but our friendships will remain as firm and as staunch as ever, and though seas and continents may separate us, the old, true spirit of the class of 1903 will be found wherever one of her sons is called.





ELECTRICS

EVER since the days when Benjamin Franklin flew kites with silk strings, a few men have applied their fertile brains and spent their lives engaged in the most fascinating of subjects, Electricity.

A handful of men, nearly four years ago, started on the electrical course at Tech. Since then our number has been in the decline, several having been scared into changing their course by the tales of the upper classmen during the first two years

At the beginning of the Junior year we, in common with Mechanicals, Civil and General Scientifics, received our first introduction to Electricity, and after the first few weeks those who were at all in doubt as to whether or not they would take the Electrical course quickly decided. It was at this time, too, that we began to cut loose from the Mechanics, with whom we had been associated during the Freshman and Sophomore years.

Our first departure from the Mechanical course was Qualitative Analysis. In the lab. under the guidance of "Merry-go-round," we soon learned to make as many evil smells and do as little work as the most confirmed chemist. It was here that the Electric chorus was organized with "Deac." Munroe as first soloist. His only solo was the Doxology and he never favored us with that except upon the rare occasions when he was able to get a precipitate of Nickel. Some of us also began private investigations in practical Hydraulics—subject, "The Flow of Water Through a Fire Hose."

Before the close of the year Professor Smith, out of the goodness of his heart, offered to send some of us to Lynn to work for the General Electric Co. Munroe, Goddard and Dickinson were the lucky (?) men, and Truesdell, much to his chagrin, was left out. He was partially consoled, however,

by obtaining a job with a construction gang in the Worcester and South-bridge Street Railway.

The Lynn crowd, as near as we can find out, didn't do any more than they could help, except draw their pay. Munroe has been telling ever since how he enjoyed his naps on the roof on fine summer nights, with part of a bale of waste for a bed. This may explain how he was able to work about thirty hours in a day and a half.

Goddard wasn't given to working nights for the G. E. Co., but seemed to prefer spending some of his evenings at least in Boston. He says it is a delightful ride on a warm summer's night, especially when one can hang out of the car window, and not have to pay any car fare. (The Lynn trio had a pull with the Boston and Lynn narrow gauge railroad.)

We can't tell whether Dickinson led a life of virtue in Lynn or not; anyway, the rest don't seem inclined to divulge much about him. Dickie says Lynn is on the Road to Ruin.

Dearborn was engaged in shinning poles, somewhere down in Connecticut; that is, he said he was doing that when he wasn't running a merry-go-round, or coming up to Worcester. (He had a free pass on the railroad.)

Kimball was with a G. E. erection gang in Salem, N. H. Kimmie says he has the distinction of working for the G. E. Co. for three consecutive summers and is alive to tell the tale.

Ilseley, with Mr. Fairfield's assistance, secured a position in a machine shop, here in the city. He came back to Tech in the fall, radiant with a recommend from the shop, in which it stated that he was one of the best snaggers they ever had.

Knight was picking strawberries and painting hen houses when he wasn't camping on the shore of some beautiful lake among the trees and hills of Vermont. Knight always did have a great love for the good, the true and the beautiful.

Ware attractions never wear out for Joe Pete, so he couldn't tear himself away for any length of time during the summer. He applied for a job at Lynn after he was quite sure he wouldn't be accepted.

A professor chanced to be wandering down the beach one day last summer and absent-mindedly kept on much farther than was his usual custom for afternoon walks. Suddenly he came to a stop, for he recognized even in Clamdale two men, one short, the other shorter; they were not alone. The happy faces of the little company explained the reason for Eddie's pipe dream and Harry's musings in the days when they once more

climbed Tech hill for their Senior year. Although Stone and Morehouse spent the summer waiting on table in Oysterville, they are good engineers, as their experience with hot air engines and electric fire alarms testify.

Ben started in at the head of the scrap department of the Stanley Co., but didn't stay there all the summer. It is said that at the end of the summer he could carry a hammer and a monkey wrench from one end of the shop to the other as well as the oldest employee.

For a more detailed account of the summer's work see the proceedings of the Electrical Engineering Society.

At the beginning of the Senior year we were introduced to Electrical Lab., and although we soon learned to make up circuits that were a regular Chinese puzzle, there were no very disastrous results. Libby, who graduated in 1900, came back to take electricity with us, and help J. O. P. lecture. In design we passed many a pleasant hour in telling stories, and also found time to design some machinery which we were sure would never be built.

When thesis subjects came up for selection, Goddard and Dickinson thought manual labor would stand them in good stead, so took up rotary converters. Munroe, Sanford and Kimball took the high tension crockery line and were soon able to climb poles as well as a cat. (They usually came down head first.) Ilsley intended to take laboratory standards and was going to standardize all the instruments in the lab., but in making a capillary electrometer, he accidentally discovered a new form of battery which he thinks is going to revolutionize things.

When the second half opened we cast off the last tie that bound us to the Mechanics. This wasn't much, for we had already gotten a long ways from them, and after the boiler test they faded away in the distance. During the latter part of the year the supply of printed leaflets ran out and we were obliged to take notes from dictation. We could sometimes keep up with Professor Smith on numerical work, but when it came to other work he always finished several laps ahead of all of us except Dickie, who was fortunate enough to have studied shorthand before coming to Tech.

In looking back over our work during the past year we are filled with a deep sense of obligation to Professor Smith, who has guided us so well. Patient with our shortcomings, always ready to help us when in difficulty, he has won our admiration and respect, not only because of an evident mastery of his subject, but also from his methods of presenting that subject, so that our relations with him have always been of the most pleasant nature.



Civil Engineering Course



ON JANUARY 22nd, 1899, there was passed through the No. 20 sieve and retained on the No. 30 sieve of the Tech semi-annual twelve members of the Class of 1903; a crowd which was found to be sharp, clean and coarse, and in every respect suitable to meet the rigid specifications and requirements of the course. This happy group became one of the constituents of a concrete which was moistened by the Profs. with wisdom and learning. We are sorry, however, to say that this concrete was not always mixed according to what is considered the best usage. It was always prepared in quantities much greater than required for immediate use, and was deposited in layers greatly exceeding the proper thickness. This was compacted by severe ramming sufficient to bring to the surface much cursing and lamentation. Now that the concrete has been allowed to set and the centres are about to be drawn, we have no doubt as to the strength and value of the result.

For a while this happy family of twelve lived contentedly and prospered under the careful nursing of our beloved "Billy." But soon two of its members began to wander from the fireside, and after teaching "Billy" a few stunts in fancy bicycle riding and destroying several dozen tapes, Bacardi and Spellman went tripping down the hill, hand in hand, never to return.

On our return from our first long vacation to begin our Sophomore year, we found that our beloved "Billy" had gone astray and had forsaken

us and adopted another family of lesser dimensions (at present) and had been replaced by a man too sensible (or too bashful) to follow his example. We seemed to thrive under our new nurse and his new diet of curves and spirals. We can hardly blame him for occasionally getting red-headed at some of our childish pranks. He got even with a part of us, however, by starting for Farnumsville with a party and getting off at Saundersville and making them walk to Farnumsville.

We resumed our work at the beginning of our Junior year with one less member. Mirick had played with hard luck and had dropped back to strengthen 1904. "Dick" is a pleasant fellow and we were sorry to have him leave us. Our ranks were again filled by the arrival of Harry Briggs, who came to us from Norwich University. Harry was a good-natured chap, but had ideas of his own as to how things should be run, which differed somewhat from those of "the powers that be." At the end of the year he left us "to take charge" of the engineering work of the "Metropolitan Sewer Board."

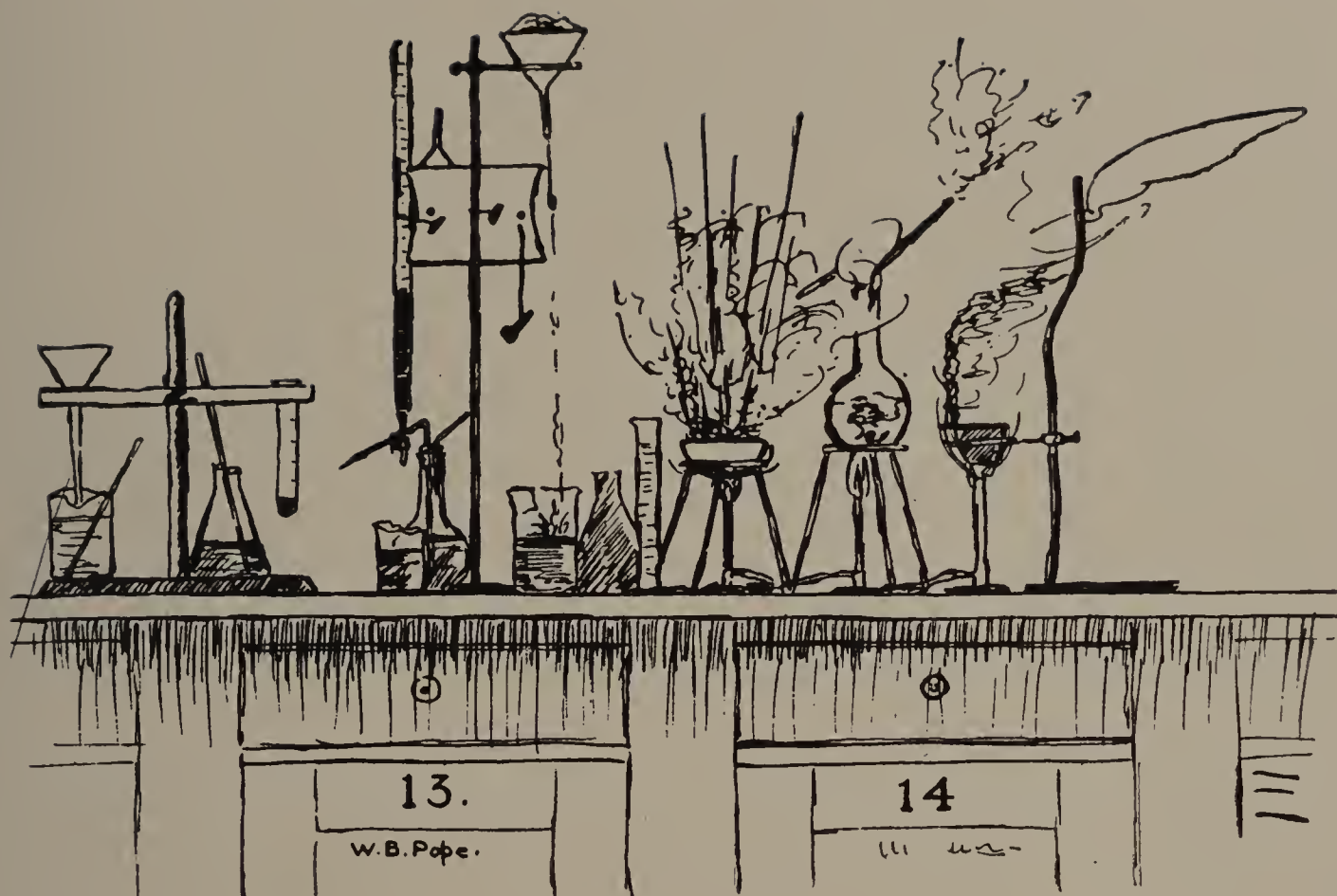
All this time we thought that we had had to work, but it was not until our Junior year that we found out what real work was. We then ran up against Prof. and his least squares. We then learned that from 7.30 P. M. to 2.30 A. M. was to be spent in two hours' preparation on that subject. Geodesy and astronomy were no less interesting and no less was expected from us. It was in the summer practice that the real fun came. We spent our days in precise leveling or triangulation, and our nights on Newton Hill observing the peculiarities of Ursae Minosis. We then learned that a bed was an ornamental and not a useful piece of furniture, and sleep a luxury. (Indeed, some of us received quite a considerable reduction in our room rent because our landlady did not have to make our beds in the morning.)

In the first half of our Senior year we had very little to do, and got along very nicely, although our instructors seemed to have considerable difficulty. They seemed entirely unable to comprehend that a man who worked all night could also do two days' work in the daytime. We were now overtaken by a dreadful calamity. We became addicted to the drug habit of tar chewing. We at last became so rabid that nothing would appease our craving except well-seasoned asphalt paving. Prof. tried to reason with us, and did his best to break up this awful habit, but it was of no avail. It is terrible to think to what state of degradation we might have sunk if the market had not become exhausted.

We were also instrumental in the establishment of several new rules of conduct applying to members of the department. For a long time our at-

tention had been called to the rank state of affairs in this respect. Some of the members of our class seemed to think that the civil drafting room was equipped for the sole purpose of furnishing a place where they might demonstrate their ability as vaudeville artists. The chief offenders were Feigenson and Hutchins, who committed so much "rough house" that Charleton and Hall found it extremely difficult to do any work. Prof. thought that it would be a good scheme to separate these latter from the noisy rabble by means of cages so that they might be undisturbed. It was about this time that a new animal was added to our menagerie known as the "calculating table." This is a very docile beast, and is treated very harshly by the instructors who will not allow any clothes to be put on him even in the coldest weather. This awful cruelty led to occasional religious arguments between Brothers Hutchins and Nickerson, which finally resulted in the redeeming of Ralph Waldo from the ways of the wicked. Mr. Hutchins, D. D., is to be complimented on the success attending his efforts.

During the last part of our Senior year our time was for the most part occupied by our thesis work. Nickerson and Tufts disappeared into the wilds of Chaffins with a full equipment, but nothing is known as to what they did or where they went. Hutchins amused himself and Prof., by devising formulae for the rubber theory of arches and covered many blocks of paper which he hooked from Nickerson. Charleton and Feigenson took up an investigation of Lake Quinsigamond, paying particular attention to the quickest way to get across the causeway. Besides increasing their engineering knowledge they made many acquaintances, and if it hadn't been so expensive would have carried their investigations further. Hall spent most of his time looking at pictures, and from what he has read, "Cement Concrete" covers everything from "Nick Carter" to medicine ads. He was also consulting engineer for Charleton and Feigenson, but he wishes it distinctly understood that he will not be responsible for an indiscretion perpetrated by them, as his pecuniary remuneration is not sufficient to warrant the risk. Fifield is taking up his "thesis" at home, and may be seen taking the train for Providence the latter part of the week. It has been said that Henry had his thesis all written last summer, but we doubt it. We would beg to state that copies of our thesis may be obtained from the authors bound in 24-inch drain pipe at the nominal price of \$35 per copy. This sum is far below the cost of the book, and by no means represents its true value. These works are certain to become "classic."



The Chemists of 1903



THERE'S nothing remarkable about the chemists, excepting "Tub" Lane and Ed. Crawshaw. One's the mightiest intellectual personage on earth, and the other holds all the athletic championships in New England. In fact, Crawshaw had lots of experience in right up-to-date college life while he was up in Maine, and being in the same state with Cloudman and Godfrey, he naturally took to athletics. According to his report, if he had not decided that a technical course of study was better for his constitution, he would have remained in Maine and become the champion in the "all comers" class. Since coming to Tech, however, he has not been able to "put on the suit again," for business will not permit it. There's one thing we are sure of, though, and that is that "Craw." can talk faster than any man who was ever on a "Tech" track team. But to say the least, he makes a good chemist.

"Tub" Lane early tried to take the lead among the chemists, and when the reporter saw him this spring he gave it as his opinion that he had succeeded pretty well, though the A's did not come so fast as they used to. Tub

has had a great deal of practice teaching in the Evening High School with Danny as principal and Freddie as pupil. There were other pupils than Freddie, but he was the only one who was not all "Josco." Throughout the course "Tub" gave no special evidence of being a great chemist, but since taking up his thesis, he has shown a good head for ingenuity. Notices of his work have appeared in the Worcester, Boston and New York papers. With his "Automatic Exasperator" smoking machine, a cute contrivance whereby the length of puff, the volume of air taken in, the frequency of the puffs and the kind of tobacco used, can all be changed independently of one another, he expects to show the world that it is CO and not nicotine that sends all smokers to ruin. It is needless to say that none of the chemists smoke, excepting Crawshaw, Pope, Bunker and Willard. Well, Lane will be a big star some time. If he ever takes fire the light will be all his own.

By the looks of Bunker one would not think he does much of anything, and, in fact, he doesn't. He has been known to spend five weeks making O. 2703 gram of chemically pure iron by the electrolytic method, and then he found O. 02 per cent. of carbon present. He soon gave up this work and has become much interested in bacteria and other insignificant things. Bunker never says much, either, and when another chemist asks him "Wat you jus' say?" his only answer is, "Oh, nothin'." The reporter, upon interviewing him for this article, found that he knows more than he appears to. "Kinnie" says that he will get along all right.

By the way, Bunker has found that there are quite a number of artesian wells in the city, though not as many as he should think. He says he did not realize what a big town Worcester was. He comes from Littleton, N. H., where every farmer has his own well.

Glucoside Pope. Well, it is hard to say anything that is strictly consistent with his character and reputation. They say he has several characters, but only one reputation. With the ordinary person it should be the other way around. He lives in Ashland, gets up at 5.15 in the morning to get the 6 o'clock train for Worcester, which lands him here about 8, or half-past 8, or 9, according to the depth of snow on the road, and he leaves "Tech" about 3.30 to catch the 6.14 train for Ashland (or Boston). Pope has had various experiences at "Tech," one of the earliest being the time when he forgot that the mortising machine over in the shop had a special rest provided for the piece of timber. He held the board above the rest and the machine proceeded to flatten his fingers just like pancakes. At another time Pope was trying the running broad jump out on Harrington Field, when he busted off the last suspender button on his trousers. He was lame the next day.

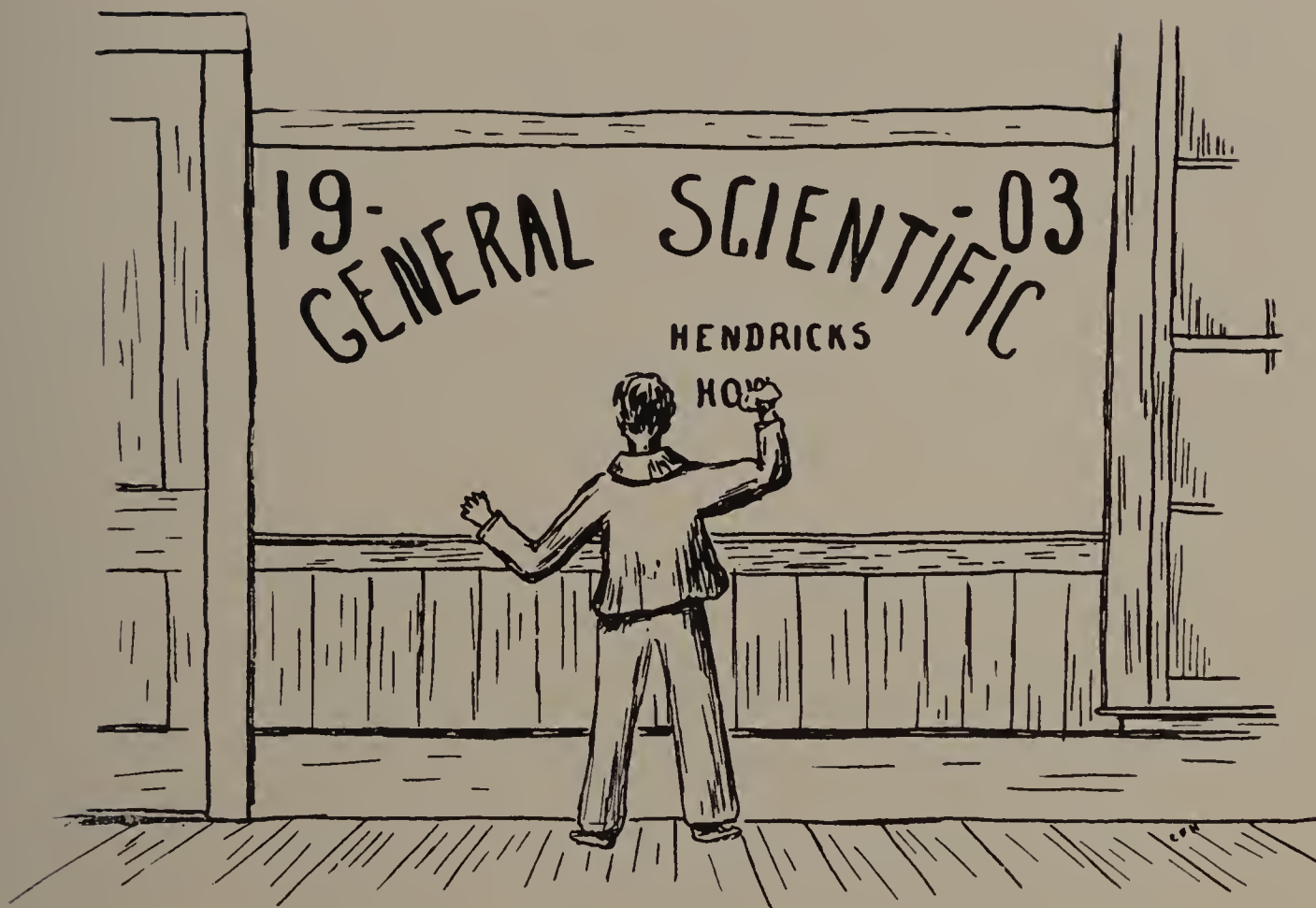
T. Willard behaves like a thorough-going German university student. He knows how to take things easily and evenly, but is almost without exception at his work on time and sticks to it until Noah closes the port-holes at night. Willard is a fine manipulator, always keeps his glassware clean, and never makes any bad breaks. In direct contrast to Bunker, he is a rapid worker and is certainly just as sure of his results. Though not as brilliant as Lane, nor as strong as Crawshaw, Willard gives evidence of being a fine, sensible fellow. He likes to talk education, in which subject he has his beliefs and his disbeliefs. For instance, he thinks that blackboard exercises are of no use, for all the rest of the class go to sleep. This is no reflection on Willard's blackboard demonstrations, for he does them very well, and he never has more than one hand in his pocket when writing with the chalk.

That Lyford fellow completes the list of six chemists. He's a pretty good fellow; nothing extraordinary, and yet not exactly ordinary. Though not as noted as Ed. Crawshaw, he has been on the Institute track team for the last four years, and during two years of the time was captain. He attributes his not breaking more records (though he has broken several bones) to the fact that his head was not big enough. He always said that to be a successful runner a man must use that part of his anatomy almost as much as the feet and legs.

Lyford says he wants to become a teacher or professor of physiological chemistry, but since he has had no chance to do apprentice work in the evening schools, and because it takes him longer to learn, he is going to devote three or four years more to his preparation. There's no use talking, he always did do a thing up thoroughly when he did do it. Lyford isn't a bit afraid of any of the professors, and consequently has never had any trouble with them. He thinks the rest of the fellows have taken undue advantage of this by making him act upon several occasions as the spokesman while introducing new ideas into the curriculum of the chemistry course. Nevertheless, he takes some pride in the fact that since taking office there have been great changes at "Tech," both in the course of study and in the faculty.

(From C. A. Lyford, to the Aftermath Board, March 11th, 1903.)





THE Class of 1903 has one slight advantage over its two predecessors, in that it contains men from all courses offered at the Institute, among which is the General Scientific.

This isn't saying much, however, because the Institute, just like all other manufacturing concerns, must work up its waste material into a by-product. This explains why those men who are absolutely of no use as engineers and chemists are kindly allowed to remain and pursue those studies which broaden the mind and fit a man for teaching, but for nothing else.

With the above preliminary confession of their insignificance, those who have been through this part of the mill do respectfully beg a little space in which to recite their achievements.

During the Freshman year the outlook for the course was very promising. Our class was apparently going to have a large number of General Scientifics, to the despair of Prof. Haynes and the chagrin of Dr. Kinnicutt. These brilliant prospects, however, were short lived, for in the Sophomore year it became evident that the course had lost its original popularity. The first cause of alarm was when the man who has since made himself prominent in track athletics became a convert to Dr. K.'s idea that two strings to a bow are better than one. He consequently left this course, and the resulting decrease in membership is said to have caused a certain Professor to make the following remark: "Dr. K. is quite a *proselyter*."

Many of these studies have been those taken in other courses, and are, therefore, considered elsewhere in this book. So it will be best to pass in silence over these trials in the wood room, sponges and wash bottles in the laboratory, flunks in electricity, and so on. During the last two years, however, a large part of their special work has been in the department of Physics and in the Department of History and Economics. In the former they have had the privilege of studying many interesting theories, including the mathematical principles underlying wireless telegraphy. They have made all sorts of physical measurements, from the length of a yard stick to the rigidity of liquid films.

They have enjoyed especially the History and Economics, Prof. Haynes' dashes of wit and apt yarns, and illustrations often breaking up the monotony of dates and constitutional laws. That this study has been profitable is readily seen from the large number of useful facts that these men take pride in having stored away; for example, Henry VIII. had half a dozen wives, Andrew Jackson was sometimes profane, and John Hancock was not a patriot. After reading volume after volume by long-winded economic writers, and conducting discussions on various questions, they arrived at some interesting conclusions such as the trades union is not always a good thing, it is decidedly uneconomical to feed tramps, and so on. They also discussed with more or less vim the ethical difference between robbing poor people of coal and robbing the Jefferson Hotel of billiard balls. It is in this department that they have been constantly reminded that teaching is the worst paid business on earth, but our General Scientifics have weathered all these difficulties and so we have given them a place in the AFTERMATH.









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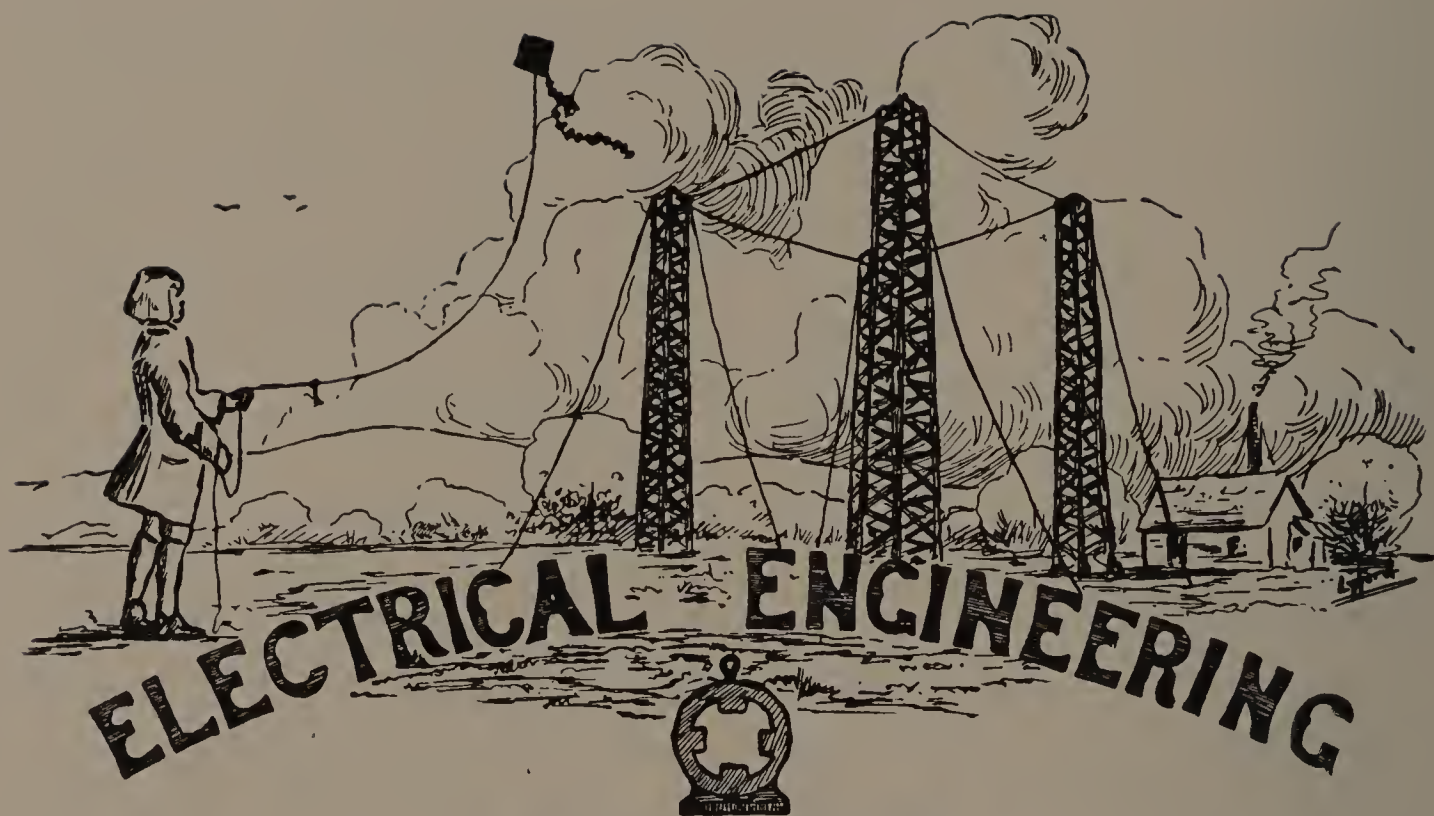
WALTER S. BALL, '89, Winchester, Mass.

Publications

Graduates of the Institute are earnestly requested to forward copies of their publications to the Institute for preservation in the Library.

The Annual Catalogue, usually issued soon after the first of February, will be sent to each alumnus whose correct address is known.

The Journal of the Institute, issued bi-monthly (see page 90), will be sent to subscribers on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Communications should be addressed to the Business Manager of the Journal of the Institute, Station A, Worcester, Mass.



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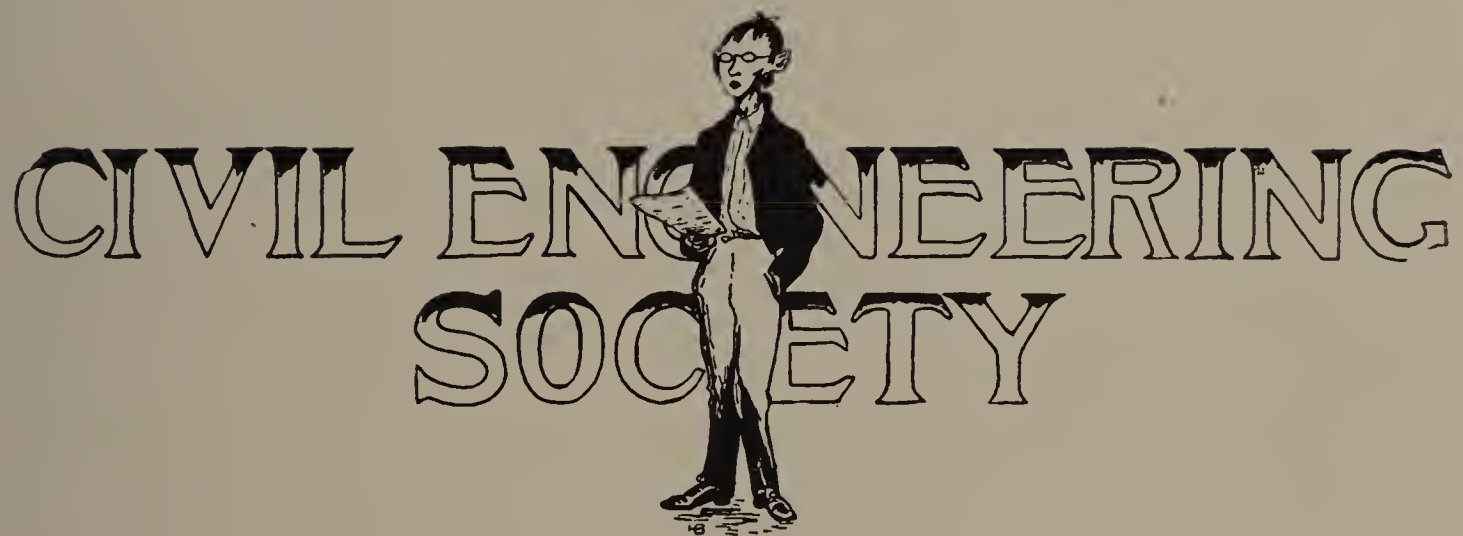
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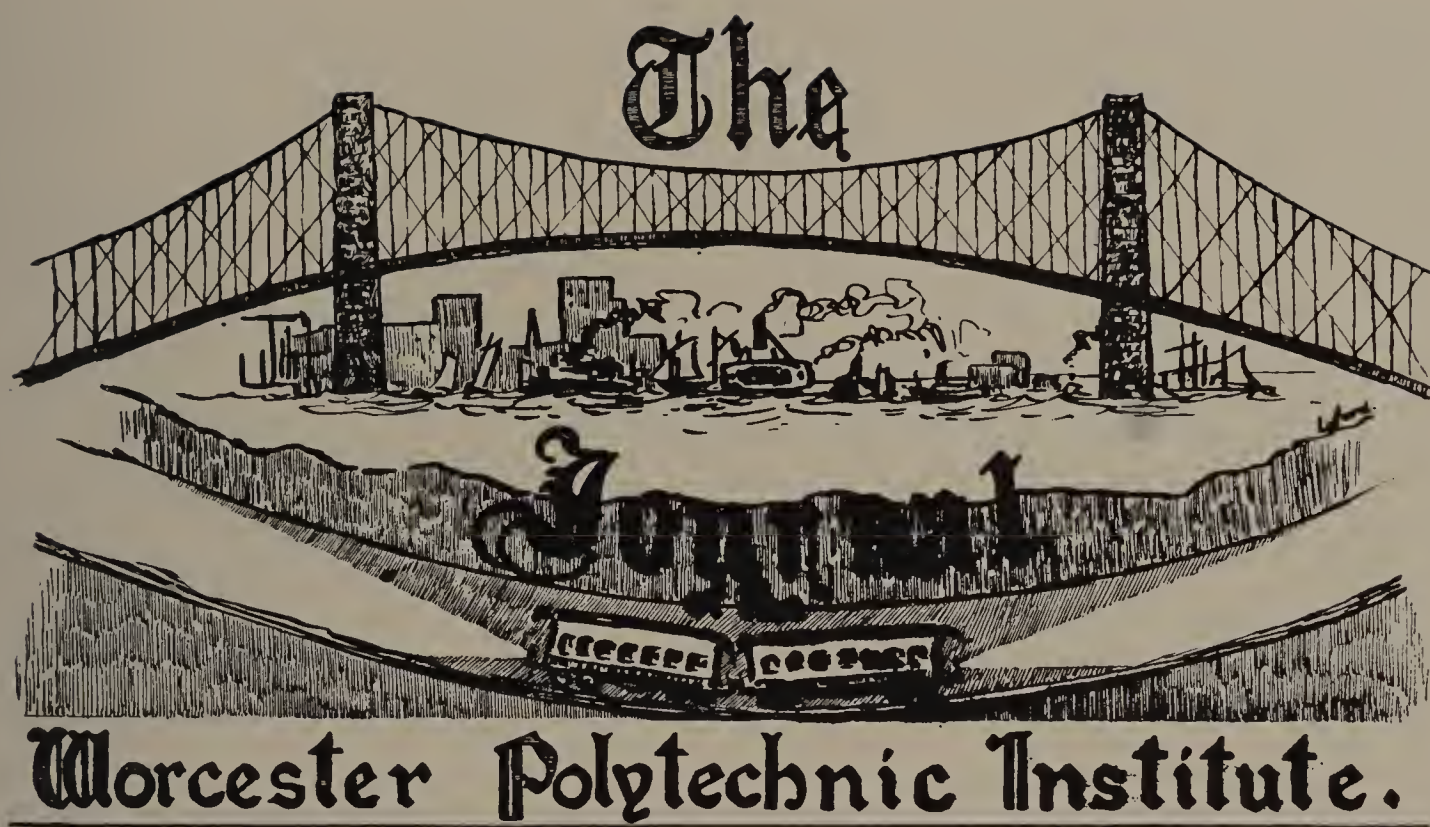
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FAMILIAR

SCENES.



ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL

BASE BALL

BASKET BALL

TRACK

TENNIS



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B. D. FOOT, '03.	J. H. RYLANDS, '04.
E. S. PARSONS, '03.	C. F. THAYER, '04.



Athletics

AN ATHLETE at Tech might be successful if he could only manage to put the time now required for eating and sleeping into training. In fact, if we arranged matters so that the men could go to Tech during the daytime and train at night, we could get along without rooms and thus save money enough to support our teams in proper style. But, being nothing but mortals, we have to use valuable time in eating and sleeping and dodging bills, which always follow such extravagances.

Just at present foot ball seems to be the only sport that is on a sound basis at Tech. Each spring finds a track team getting ready for a meet that may come off—and may not. It is always a surprise to us that the track management does not run annual class games, instead of wasting grey matter over other college teams who don't seem to care to play except when sure of winning. In the spring of 1900 a very successful class meet was held at the Oval, being won by 1903. Class games cost little more than the rent of the field and give an opportunity for more men to compete than would a meet with outsiders.

Little need be said of base ball. The season comes too close to the final exams. to be comfortable for most of us. The spring of 1901 saw the last base ball team that Tech is likely to have for some time. The Sophomore-Freshman game furnishes quite a little sport each year.

The cross-country runs give opportunity for all to win honors. A series of three during each fall decides which class shall have its numerals on the banner. The banner is but two years old, 1903 having the honor of being first owners.

Basket ball has had its first year at Tech and has made a promising start. A room in the Engineering Laboratories has been given over to the game while we await the new gym.



VARSIITY



FOOT BALL at Tech is a good example of what the professors expect from each of us, i. e., individual work. There is neither time nor money to develop team play.

The team as a whole does not practice more than a dozen times during a season. Each night finds some one, two, or more regular men missing, because of the unadaptability of our schedule to anything but work. Those men who do get out tumble each other about on a field that is paved with half-bricks and granite boulders.

Taking all this into account, we claim that Tech puts out good football teams. We have not seen any team show more sand than our own has shown; in fact, in everything but ground gaining we feel safe in saying that Tech is usually the aggressor.

Training at Tech would be an unnecessary bother, while most of us get enough wind in the first year or two to last through the hardest games. The team usually consists of eleven men with no substitutes. In other words, each man is his own substitute and has to stay through the entire game. That's the reason why the 1900 team played through the season having two men with water on the knee, one with a chronic "bum" leg, one with a cracked collar bone, and the whole lot loving a good time, especially on Friday evenings, just before a game. The teams since then

have been more fortunate physically, but have all suffered from lack of substitutes. But of course all this will change when we get the new Alumni Gym. There is another side to the question, however. Is it not in some ways a good thing to play or work under these adverse circumstances? Who may tell what great good these foot ball men have obtained by fighting through the hard games in the face of physical pain and certain defeat. Men of weaker natures would have abandoned the field long ago. We are proud to say that our teams are made of the stuff that will eventually win the important battles of life where individual work counts for everything.

During the entire week preceding the Aggie game of the past season, our team did not once line up or even handle a foot ball. Yet we licked Aggie, considered the equal of any minor New England college team. Fellow students, we leave it to your judgment whether or not a team that can do work like this is worthy of your support.





1906 TEAM



BASKET BALL TEAM



Phi Iota Chapter
of
Phi Gamma Delta

Established November 20, 1891.



Fraters in Facultate.

LEONARD P. KINNICUTT, S.D. SYDNEY A. REEVE, M.E.
DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B.

Fraters in Collegio.

1903.

WILLIAM ATKINS MACKENZIE EDWARD LIVINGSTON STONE, JR.
RAYMOND SHAW JOHN CAMPBELL SPENCE
HARRY WARNER MOREHOUSE WALTER PAGE BROOKS

1904.

HAROLD SAMUEL BLOCH LEGRAND STERLING
NORMAN COOPER DAVIS VAN MAHRS THOMPSON
JOHN HOLSWORTH RYLANDS

1905.

GEORGE EVERET BOWKER ALBERT NEIL COLE
HORACE MILTON CHICKERING

1906.

HALSEY RAYMOND PHILBRICK MERRITT BEACH MERWIN
CLARENCE MATSON TOUCEY CLIFFORD HOMER MARSH
CARL GEORGE STENZ GODDARD KENT GARRISON



PI IOTA CHAPTER



Active Chapters

SECTION I.

OMEGA MU.....	University of Maine
IOTA MU.....	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
PI IOTA.....	Worcester Polytechnic Institute
PI RHO.....	Brown University

SECTION II.

ALPHA CHI.....	Amherst College
TAU ALPHA.....	Trinity College
NU DEUTERON.....	Yale University
DELTA NU.....	Dartmouth College

SECTION III.

UPSILON	College of the City of New York
OMEGA	Columbia College
NU EPSILON.....	

SECTION IV.

THETA PSI.....	Colgate University
KAPPA NU.....	Cornell University
CHI	Union College
EPSILON NU.....	Syracuse University

SECTION V.

BETA	University of Pennsylvania
SIGMA DEUTERON.....	Lafayette College
BETA CHI.....	Lehigh University
BETA MU.....	Johns Hopkins University

SECTION VI.

DELTA.....	Bucknell University
XI	Pennsylvania College
GAMMA PHI	Pennsylvania State College

SECTION VII.

OMICRON	University of Virginia
BETA DEUTERON.....	Roanoke College
DELTA DEUTERON.....	Hampden-Sidney College
ZETA DEUTERON.....	Washington and Lee University
RHO CHI.....	Richmond College

SECTION VIII.

ALPHA	Washington and Jefferson College
PI	Allegheny College
PI DEUTERON.....	Wooster University
XI DEUTERON	Adelbert College

SECTION IX.

SIGMA	Wittenberg College
THETA DEUTERON	Ohio Wesleyan College
LAMBDA DEUTERON.....	Dennison University
OMICRON DEUTERON	Ohio State University
ALPHA PHI	University of Michigan

SECTION X.

ZETA	Indiana State University
LAMBDA	De Pauw University
TAU	Hanover College
PSI	Wabash College
LAMBDA IOTA.....	Purdue

SECTION XI.

KAPPA TAU.....	University of Tennessee
NU	Bethel College
THETA	University of Alabama
TAU DEUTERON.....	University of Texas

SECTION XII.

ALPHA DEUTERON.....	Illinois Wesleyan
GAMMA DEUTERON.....	Knox College
CHI IOTA.....	University of Illinois

SECTION XIII.

MU	University of Wisconsin
MU SIGMA.....	University of Minnesota
CHI UPSILON.....	University of Chicago

SECTION XIV.

ZETA PHI.....	William Jewell College
CHI MU.....	University of Missouri

SECTION XV.

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LAMBDA NU.....	University of Nebraska

SECTION XVI.

DELTA XI.....	University of California
SIGMA TAU.....	University of Washington



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Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity



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Founded in 1856.



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MAINE ALPHA.....University of Maine

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TENNESSEE KAPPA.....	University of Tennessee
TENNESSEE OMEGA	University of the South
TENNESSEE ETA.....	Southwestern Baptist University
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ALABAMA IOTA.....	Southern University
ALABAMA ALPHA MU.....	Alabama Polytechnic Institute

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KANSAS ALPHA	University of Kansas

Province Eta

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COLORADO LAMBDA.....	Colorado School of Mines
COLORADO ZETA.....	Denver University
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CALIFORNIA BETA.....	University of California

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LOUISIANA TAU UPSILON.....	Tulane University
MISSISSIPPI GAMMA.....	University of Mississippi
TEXAS RHO.....	University of Texas



Theta Chi

οἱ Κλητοί



1903

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EDWARD WHITNEY KIMBALL

1904.

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CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MERRITT

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GEORGE EDWARD PELLISSIER

1905.

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NEWTON HALL

Personal Sketches

*Being Short Essays Containing Facts
We are Willing to Tell About Each Other*



R. J. DEARBORN
Class President

RICHARD J. DEARBORN.....Electric

“The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Are spent among the lasses, O!”

“Dick” began eating shredded wheat and roast beef *rare* in Manchester, N. H., and has not gotten over the habit yet, although he has changed a good deal in other things. In the High School of this same place he acquired a singular fondness for German and English; this is another of the things he hasn’t got over. Upon his arrival in Worcester he cast in his lot with the “Agricultural St. Gang.” This proximity to Elm Park played a large part in his downfall, for the skating was exceptionally good that winter, and whenever Dick was missing he could usually be found over in the Park (always alone, of course). After the ice was once broken his circle of lady friends increased rapidly, until the Oread was closed to visitors. As far as we are able to learn he hasn’t any particular preference at present. Dick has always been interested in athletics and was a point-winner in the cross-countries. In addition to holding several class offices, among which was the presidency during our Senior year, he has held offices of responsibility and trust in the Y. M. C. A. It was while holding one of these offices that he ordered 3,000 notices for Y. M. C. A. meetings. (They use two each week.) Dick is also a member of the board of editors of this book.



A. A. ARNOLD



H. F. BALDWIN



J. W. BERGER



W. P. BROOKS

ARTHUR ALEXANDER ARNOLD.....Mechanic..

First man of his class, alphabetically, comes from Webster and makes the trip between that little town and Tech hill daily. Nature intended him for a six-footer, and he bids fair to reach that mark soon. With pen or pencil Arnold is in his element, his skill in reproduction and in originals being shown on our "Half Way Thro'" menu, as well as in this book, and as might be surmised, he was cut out for an artist rather than a "greasy mechanic." Although not a shark, his staying qualities are much in evidence examination week. He is a basket ball enthusiast, and knows the names and pedigree of all league players, as well as any rooter. Arnold was elected class treasurer the first half of the Senior year, and has served with credit on the board of editors of this book.

HENRY FAY BALDWIN, Θ XMechanic.

Baldy hails from West Boylston, Mass. He entered with 1902 and spent three years with them. During this time he could nearly always be found in the boiler room, and lost no opportunity to help burn up Tech's coal and money. He became so enthusiastic over the scoop-shovel that he left Tech at the end of his Junior year to seek his fortune throwing coal on a Baldwin tandem compound on the Boston and Maine Railroad. (This locomotive wasn't Baldwin's invention, but he hopes later to make some improvements upon it.) Baldwin's experiences "workin' on the railroad" have in no way lessened his enthusiasm for compound engines, and he has lately formed a combine with the member from Brazil for the purpose of digging deeper into the mysteries of the fall of temperature down the plumb line of the adiabatic.

JOSEPH W. BERGER.....Mechanic.

"I've lived and loved."

"Tell yer something that happened down in my town." Every one lends his ears and his imagination, for the happenings in his town would rival even the most thrilling experiences of Mark Twain. To Joe's mind there is no town like Webster, and no newspaper like the *Webster Times*. What his particular interest in that little town is we are unable to say, but Joe's business does certainly require a great deal of attention, judging from the various weekly trips home. Joe, for that is the only name to which he responds, was born in the same little town of Webster, April 24th, 1879. Graduating from the High School in that town in '98, with the intention of pursuing journalism as a profession, he became a reporter for the Associated Press. After a year about town, gathering information from every conceivable source, he concluded to sever all connection with the outside world and go to "Tech." The idea of building doll-houses and juggling precision seemed to fascinate him. The bad habits contracted in his reporting days still cling to him, but we have hopes of his ultimate reformation. He is one of those fortunate individuals possessed of a sunny disposition; nothing seems to trouble him, and the ease with which he expresses his sudden emotion in French is little short of marvelous.

WALTER PAGE BROOKS, Φ Γ ΔMechanic..

"I reasoned it out."

Walter P. was born in Gardner, Mass., at a very young and innocent age, but since coming to Tech has outgrown both incumbrances. He graduated from the Gardner H. S. in '99, and, having an idea he was a mechanic, came to the hill to put on a few finishing touches. Had hard luck during the Sophomore year, being out for nearly two months on account of sickness, but showed his ability by keeping up with the class. Always reasoned out his electricity problems. Probably the reason he stood so well. Was a strong supporter of Mrs. Day's Tech Cotillion and could often be found in some out-of-the-way corner talking politics to a fair admirer while the dance went on. Is a Φ Γ Δ man and always ready for work or play. Can tell you all there is to be told about chairs, "having made them." Is a fine fellow and should succeed.



G. C. BUNKER



A. W. CAMPBELL



E. G. CHAFFIN



R. W. CHARLTON

GEORGE BUNKER.....Chemist.

George Bunker, better known among the chemists "Leffman" since he has become an authority upon sanitary questions, was born in Littleton, N. H., May 26, 1881. He always wanted to become a great chemist, until he made the acquaintance of the wood room in the Freshman year; he was finally convinced, however, that the mechanical course was not all like the wood room, and he became a chemist. He was one of the most prominent members of the Tech Chemical Society, and during the first term of the Senior year proved by most skillful and marvelous work in the labs. that some of the articles that occur in chemical journals are true. Bunker would not take a thesis in Organic because the subject did not offer a large enough field for research. Although he made himself famous by his work during the Senior year, he undoubtedly would have received a Ph.D. instead of an S.B. if he had not received so many telegrams calling him home (?) for two or three days. If bacteria in artesian well water continues to exist we are sure that "Leff" will become as noted a chemist as ever left Salisbury Labs.

ARTHUR W. CAMPBELL.....Mechanic.

"Nick" hails from Fall River. He came up with Wilcox, but as yet has not received any summons to come home. He secured a pull at the start in English by wearing a Y. M. C. A. uniform. He started in, in regular Fall River style, to "kill" all the "ferns" around Tech. A fellow that knows says "Nick" went out every night with his "glad rags" on, but we all know where he went. During the Sophomore year he and Walsh became rivals for a home on Wachusett Street, not at an auction sale, either. They became so interested in each other's doings, however, that Geary got on the inside before they even recognizd him as a rival. "Nick" was always a loyal classman, whether on the base ball field or decorating the '03 scoreboard. He helped us materially to decorate our rooms by supplying photographs of our celebrations. Is one of our base-ball men, holding down first base on the class team. His Senior research has been for some method of using steam pumps on a flying machine. The apparatus consisted of about twenty wooden pulleys, with a small pump attached. The school year will probably be too short for him to perfect his ideas, but perhaps with the aid of a union carpenter he will be able to see his finish, at any rate.

EDWIN G. CHAFFIN.

"Ed" originally hailed from Boston, but soon left for the Old Granite State, where he could develop his athletic form to better advantage. Nashua was his residence for a number of years before he came to Worcester to the Academy where he prepared for Tech. He has been prominent in athletics during his entire course, having played on foot ball and basket ball teams and run in track meets, cross-countries and relay races. Those who chance to be down town very late at night might notice Chaffin getting off of the last car in, on the Bramanville line, quite frequently. Ed has always had a desire to travel abroad and expects to visit Florence this summer. We are sure he will always have many friends, as he is a good-natured fellow and is generally liked.

ROBERT WILLIAM CHARLTON.....Civil.

"Charlie" hails from New Boston, Conn. No one knows where that is, but every one knows that wherever it is, he ought to have stayed there. To say the least, he is the craziest and wildest specimen we have in our collection. It is doubted if any man can show as many A's and E's on the same report as can Charlie. In mathematical subjects he eats them alive, but, as he himself says, he knows no more about English and Dutch than a yellow dog knows about religion. "Charlie's" principal amusement consists in upsetting ink bottles on Hall's drawings and chewing lead pencils, his daily ration of the latter being two dozen. He is especially noted for his introduction of the "dingus" and "jigger" system at Tech, the same having been adopted by several of the professors. At present "Charlie" is posing as hotel proprietor, but we expect soon to see him shining as a theatrical manager.



J. E. CRAWSHAW



A. W. DARLING, Jr.



L. E. DICKINSON



W. H. FEIGENSON

JOHN EDWARD CRAWSHAW.....Chemist

After braving two of the vigorous Maine winters "Ed" decided that the milder Worcester air would be more conducive to his welfare. Colby saw him no more and for three years the followers of "Kelpie" have delighted in his yarns of basket ball, track, base ball and the like, for Ed was, is, or will be a wonder in these lines. His capacity for bluffing is only equaled by his voice. Many a timid Freshman has stood wrapt in wonder when the melodious strains of "Down Where the Würtzburger Flows" have come from the depths where the chemists in the Turkish Smoking Parlors were in solemn conclave assembled. But withal, "Craw" will make his abstract of life one that is worth reading.

ALBERT W. DARLING, Jr., Σ A EMechanic.

Darling is one of the five English High School lads who came to Tech in 1899. He is a "full-haired" member of the Worcester County Fur Club. He has an eagle eye for birds, and when it comes to rabbits, Fay Baldwin has to overwork his dog to keep in the race. Darling is also interested in base-ball and other athletics. He has been a good man on class committees and has always been a loyal member of 1903. At present he is one of the editors of this book. For four years he and his bicycle have wended the way to Tech, even over Worcester streets. He is a good student and is popular with his classmates. What more is required?

LEWIS E. DICKINSON.....Electric.

Lewis E. Dickinson, more commonly known as "Dickie," comes in each day from his home in Whitinsville. He prepared for Tech at the Northbridge High School, and although the catalogue states that, under the age of eighteen, students are seldom mature enough to do the required work, "Dickie" considered himself one of the exceptions and applied for admission when but seventeen. He is exceptionally fond of whistling and during his Sophomore year he, together with two others high up in the art, gave daily concerts in room 24 of the Engineering Building. But their efforts were not appreciated by the Profs., for they repeatedly spoiled things with, "Gentlemen, I shall have to ask you to be more quiet," or "Gentlemen, please leave the building." "Gol ding it," "Dickie" would say, "he can't appreciate good music." At the close of his Junior year he went to Lynn to show the G. E. Co. how much Tech men are good for, but when the vacation was a little more than half over he came back. The G. E. Co. had kept him doing little jobs entirely beneath a man of his abilities. But the summer was not all sadness, for there was a theatre at the Point of Pines and many times during the summer our friend might have been seen eagerly taking in the show by means of a convenient knot-hole. September saw him back at Tech, eager to complete his final year, so that he can go to Schenectady and get his \$1.50 per. We shall certainly hear from him in the future, for the world cannot long fail to recognize his worth.

WILLIAM H. FEIGENSON.....Civil.

"Bilious" is a quiet, unassuming fellow, and would not be especially harmful if it were not for his associations with Charlton. Since our Freshman year these two have stuck together like a dog and his tail, the only question being "Which is the tail." He is one of our fastest sprinters, and was always among the first to reach a scrap with the other classes. Just before one of the dances he and Walsh had ordered dress suits. Walsh was short and far around, while "Will" is long longitudinally and short diametrically. In some way the tailor got the trousers mixed. They both got to the dance on time, but not until the tailor had received two separate telephone calls telling him a few things not entirely relating to his business. We feel quite sure that, in business, "Bill" will be able to fill very large suits.



H. L. FIFIELD



B. D. FOOT



T. W. GEARY



W. T. GODDARD

HENRY LIVINGSTONE FIFIELD, S A ECivil

As his name implies, Henry is a man of no little importance and a hustler from the word go. He came to us from Providence four years ago, with a T-square, a 5 H lead pencil, and a little German up his sleeve. In fact, he knew more than most of us do in graduating. Before he had been here a month he showed U. Waldo how to hold his mouth when he pronounced "doch," and could express an "ideah" in English without any thought whatever. Henry has quite a corner on the Civil Department, and even succeeded in making Professor French believe that his services were needed in the construction of the new foundry. (We have found out, since then, that the Professor knew he was the only one of us whose affections were strong enough to keep him in Worcester during the hot months. So much for that.) We have no doubt as to his future success as a consulting engineer and expect to hear his name connected with some large business establishment in the West.

BENJAMIN D. FOOT.....Electric

"Ben" first began whistling the "Irish Washerwoman" and other jigs about sunrise on a March morning in 1880 at Pittsfield, Mass. After graduating from the Pittsfield High School he threw up a cent to see whether he would continue driving the cows, or seek a higher education. Fate was kind to him, so he entered the W. P. I. with 1903. Then what an evolution there was in this long-haired sturdy youth of the highlands, this direct descendant of Esau. From a noisy Freshman he has been transplanted into a quiet, (?) dignified Senior. From a bashful, blushing youth he has developed into a renowned gallant, and has a steady job as chairman of the entertainment committee of one of the local C. E. societies. He once worked "Willie" Nutt for a mark of 113 in an exam. in Invent. Used to play tag with "Pa" Fairfield in the machine shop, and is now trying to reform the Electrics by admonishing them to "Stop their cussin'." He has proved his spurs in the cross-country runs, in the cane rushes, and on the track team, for which he wears a "W." He is generally happy, but would be more so if Omaha, Neb., was nearer Worcester.

THOMAS W. GEARY.....Mechanic

Tom is one of the original Worcester English High School bunch. He is one of those quiet boys whose fair complexions are oft disturbed by those big red patches called blushes. But Tom is not to blame, it is natural for him. Although he is still present in the body, he has long since acquired the title of the late Thomas W. Geary, owing to his failure to answer "Here!" at the roll-call. This may be due to the fact that Tom seldom fails to answer when the line forms on Exchange Street and so is rather sleepy in the morning. He is an authority on plays from "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" to "Henry the Eighth," but he prefers the comic opera to all others. But we begin to think that Tom isn't quite as innocent as he looks, as he was once seen leading a little white dog. He, that is Tom, is a good student and a good fellow, and, as he is peaceable enough to get along with almost any kind of an employer, he should certainly succeed.

WALTER THOMPSON GODDARD.....Electric

Goddard prepared for Tech at the Webster High, graduating from there in '98 and entering Tech with the Class of '02 in the same year. Outside circumstances made it necessary for him to stay out one year so that he was enabled to complete his course with a really good class. In 1900 he became a member of the Webster delegation of '03 and can be seen each day, grip in hand, hustling for Union Station. He believes the electrical course to be the only course on the hill, and confidently looks forward to an age when we shall be "sans steam, sans gas, sans everything" but electricity. Goddard is full of fun, curiosity, and ambition, with plenty of class spirit. He is not a shark, but manages to keep well up with the bunch and is a good, practical man.



R. E. HALL



H. N. HARDING



C. C. HARRIS



R. H. HAYWARD

ROBERT E. HALL.....Civil.

I was born several years ago in Quincy, Mass., and have been growing ever since. I have to get a new pair of shoes now every six months. I got through the high school down home in Quincy just in time to join the gang of Civils that entered Tech in the Class of 1903. For the first two years I hung out with Bacon (C. A.) and held the lantern while he painted the 1902 pig on the barndoor. I was always on hand when there was anything doing, and always enjoyed it. I was present at both the Leicester and Jefferson lawn parties among the unwelcomed guests, and helped to make those occasions a success. I have spent several summers with a gang of 'dagoes' trying to dig out Boston harbor, and am well up on dredging subjects. Before I came to Tech I went to school with a little, short, chunky lassie in Quincy, and have known her ever since. We are pretty good friends now. I have met several others of the fair sex, however, since I've been in Worcester. After I graduate in June I am going out West to run a ranch. We had a fine Junior Prom. and I was on the committee. It was a big success. I was one of the speakers at our "Half Way Thro'" banquet and made such a hit that they put me in President of the class for the first half of the Junior year.

HARRY NELSON HARDING, Θ X.....Mechanic

Harry began to sing in Clinton in 1880. He entered W. P. I. with 1902, but found that Tech interfered with his theatre affairs, so he decided on a division of labor and joined 1903. Because of a large amount of practice while still an infant, Harry is now the possessor of a fine, soul-stirring, baritone voice. This, coupled with a stock of all the popular songs, makes him a warm member where the ladies are concerned. He has relatives in South Worcester who require a great deal of attention, but this has not prevented him from learning all about shop management.

CARL C. HARRIS, Σ A E.....Mechanic.

Here is an Orange man, for he hails from Orange, Mass. He received his preparation for Tech at the Orange High School. During his first two years at Tech he was married to his friend Hobbs, but now, during certain hours, he may be found alone, or, at least, with certain other members of the human family. He is not head-over-heels in love with theoretical work, but when it comes to practical work Carl is right at home. Being quite fond of the water, he took up, along with Hobbs and Perkins, the test of a centrifugal pump for his thesis. He is another one of those quiet fellows who have no enemies, but many friends. Carl explained "dad's" exhibit at Buffalo and is now an authority on female types of beauty in all sections of the United States and Canada.

RALPH H. HAYWOOD.....Mechanic.

Ralph Harry Hayward first cast his calm, disapproving gaze on this sordid world of misery and sin on February 8th, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty-one. He hails from "Hangtown" (Charlton), Mass., "the town of all great men," weighs 1.75 cwt., and in his stocking feet stands 5 feet 11 inches. "Hay," as he is familiarly known upon the hill, entered Tech from the David Prouty High School in Spencer with the one ambition of becoming a building contractor of note in after years. He is an easy-going fellow, priding himself upon the girlish smoothness of his face. He is a great favorite with the ladies and might be more so but for his retiring disposition. Despite this surface modesty we are assured that he has succeeded in his aim and that he will probably be graduated from Tech into the toils of matrimony. During the winter months of 1902 "Hay" was taken ill with sickness which caused all his friends to feel sad. During the summer of the same year he was again on the sick list and this time spent most of his vacation recovering from a surgical operation at St. Vincent's Hospital. "Hay" is an inmate of Newton Hall, being one of the first students to room in the hall when it was opened up as the school dormitory.



H. V. HENDRICKS



ADELBERT HOBBS



C. F. HOWE



EDWARD HUTCHINS

HENNING V. HENDRICKS..... General Scientific

Henning V. Hendricks, or "Henny" for short, hails from Holden. In spite of all attempts on the part of his classmates to educate him, he will have nothing to do with the city and he still walks as though across ploughed fields, whether in the city or country. Neither has he any use for girls. The first two years he spent in grinding for marks, but the slack ways of the Junior class in general were too much for him and now he is, like the most of his classmen, studying to get what he can without committing suicide. The effects of the Holden High School show themselves in his minutely detailed demonstrations. He may say, "I don't think I know," but he usually finds it tucked away in his cranium somewhere. In other words, his memory serves him in good stead. He has had many ups and downs in life, having been obliged to ride over the "B. and M." branch for four years. The subject of his thesis is "The Surface Rigidity of Contaminated Liquids."

ADELBERT HOBBS, Σ E AMechanic

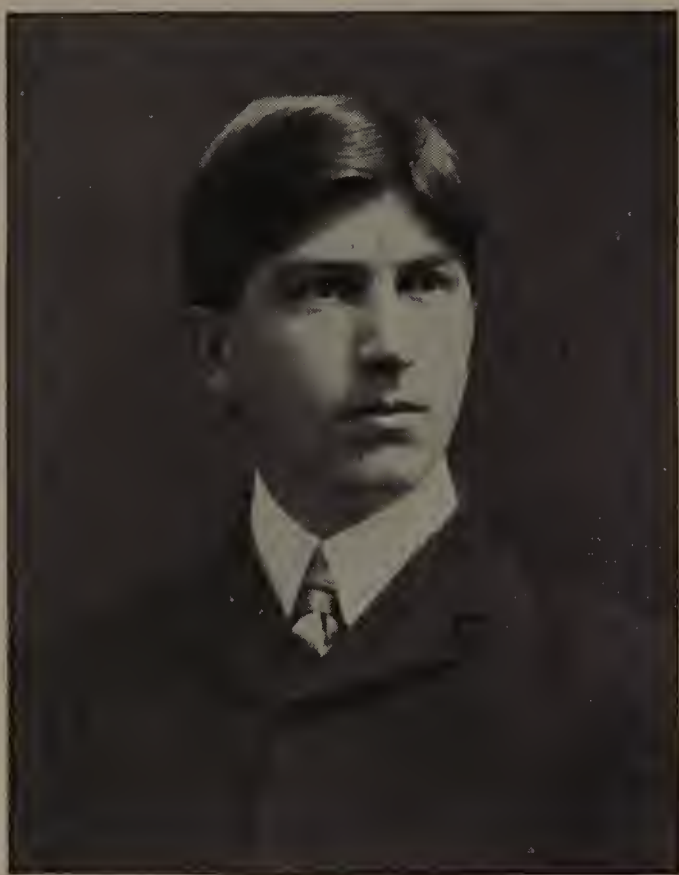
"Hello Central! Give me 538-3, Spencer." "Hello 'Del,' coming down to Tech this fall?" Del thought it over and finally decided to climb his own ladder to fame instead of climbing his father's back stairs. Having an interest in electricity, he at once decided to take up that subject, but at the end of his Freshman year he heard that his chosen course was full of impedance and complex quantities, so he decided to become a Mechanical Engineer. Doubtless, his serene countenance would have been oft disturbed had he continued in his first love. Although he never has much to say, we have found that his silence shields the workings of a mind too powerful to be disturbed by trifles. He had a record as an athlete when he came to Tech, but he saw by the catalogue "that all the time of every student is demanded for study, recitation, drawing and practice, excepting so much as may be taken up in the necessary duties of life." Of course, he couldn't engage in athletics under these circumstances.

CLARENCE FLETCHER HOWE.....General Scientific

This is the great and only brother of the illustrious "G. K." He was born in Worcester on his first birthday. In 1899 he was graduated from the English High School, and, having nothing in particular to do, decided to come to Tech with the rest of the E. H. S. lads. He still maintains his allegiance to his Alma Mater by filling the position of General Stage Manager for the "As You Like It" Club. His pet ambition is to become a world-renowned physicist, and, in pursuing this end, he may be found in the physical lab. at any hour of the day. No matter how busy he is, he always has time to discuss theatricals, art and church music, for our classmate's piety and his love for "the good, the true, and the beautiful" go hand in hand. He also enjoys a quiet game of hearts—if the right kind of people are present. His ability in the decorative art was shown at the Junior Prom., where his services were doubly acceptable to the committee in charge.

EDWARD HUTCHINS.....Civil

"Ed," as he is called, came to us from the Class of 1901. He left them in their Senior year and joined us in our Senior year. He thought seriously of coming back and joining '02, but thought he had not better take chances with that gang, but wait a little longer and finish with a better collection of individuals. During his absence from Tech he held a position in Canada on construction work. While in this icy place he, of course, had to learn French in order to be able to pass enjoyable conversation with the pretty French girls, but then who would blame him? Hutchins is noted as a kite flyer and can be seen on fine days holding the strings of all sizes and shapes of kite; perhaps some day he will use his great ingenuity to invent something of this sort which will be useful in the art of war. He lives at Lakeview and has a great knack of allowing just enough time to get to Tech for recitation. Besides being expert in the above stunts in athletics, he is a fine snow-shoer and an excellent skater; many are the times he has skated to North Grafton and back in less time than it takes to write about it.



L. C. ILSLEY



A. N. KIMBALL



E. W. KIMBALL



C. D. KNIGHT

LEE CLYDE ILSLEY.....Electric.

"Quacker," "Grandpa," "Illy," "Iceman," all made Lancaster famous in February, 1880, A. D. He became familiar with the alphabet when very young and at once began the formation of innumerable words. As words are only things he readily understands, he will ask you to please "say it in words," if his mind is at all cloudy. Grandpa had charge of the heating apparatus at Newton Hall during our Junior year, and inside of a single day changed it into a very efficient ice-plant. He had a very close run that winter with jack-frost. There is some sort of something down in his native town which he describes as a great "phemomemom." Wonder what it can be? He was once asked why he didn't do so and so, and rather defiantly replied, "I don't choose to." Illy is certainly a case; if you have the "blues" call him in, and you'll surely get cheered up. He has a way all his own in doing experiments in the electric lab. Early in the course he formed a partnership with Truesdell. He has worked hard to win his "S. B.," and when he receives his degree in June it will be because his untiring energy and pluck has won it for him.

ALBERT NATHAN KIMBALL.....Mechanic.

He has been one of the mainstays of the class, not in athletics, perhaps, but more especially Y. M. C. A. work, Junior Proms, etc. Along near the close of each term, afraid he is going to be flunked, he has a fit of the blues, but the clouds quickly dispel when the results come in. He is a great admirer of the gentler sex and uses husking parties to great advantage. His advice on matrimonial subjects is much sought after and he never misses a chance to give some enlightenment on this important subject. The Profs. undoubtedly have put a big (?) mark after his name, for he can ask more questions to the square inch than any other man. This propensity has undoubtedly saved the necks of a good many men. Usual program in Hydraulics. Professor calls up one man, before he is through reciting, Kimball and Darling begin asking questions, bell rings before they are through. His principal occupation is memorizing his roommate's slang expressions. He is a jolly good fellow and chum, and has high ambitions, and leaves this place with the best wishes of his classmates.

EDWARD W. KIMBALL.....Electric.

He has a deep-seated love for the machine shop, and was even known at one time to offer to make a whole grinder after his time was completed. He withdrew his offer, however, when told that they were not in need of any journeymen, and as the shop was already crowded, a slight (?) charge would have to be made to cover the cost of running the machinery he would have to use. He is an enthusiast at golf and canoeing, and has won quite a reputation through his skill with a chafing dish. Ed has been quite a prominent man at Tech, especially before the Glee and Mandolin Clubs disbanded. He was one of the foremost in the formation of the Electrical Engineering Society and served as its first president.

CARL D. KNIGHT.....Electric.

Within four rows of apple trees of Putney cross-roads is a little white cottage where an eminent man was born and reared, principally the latter. When Carl was small, about knee-high to a grasshopper, he attended a country school in his native town, from which he migrated to Brattleboro High School to complete his preparation for Tech. Carl has allowed the Worcester girls to go their own way from the time he joined the rovers of Agricultural St. until he completed his course in Newton Hall. Knight studies hard, except when he is rough-housing. Nick is a good workman and willing to help the fellows. He has served his class as vice president and on several committees, is on the executive board of the Electrical Engineering Society and is an assistant editor of this book.



J. H. LANE



C. A. LYFORD



W. A. MACKENZIE



C. S. MESLER

J. HAROLD LANE.

Harold is a native of Worcester, and has obtained his education in the public schools here. He attended the English High School, from which he graduated in 1889. While there he became especially interested in chemistry and in mathematics, so it was no more than natural that "Tech" should offer attractions for him. Although not especially brilliant, except in mathematics, Harold is a fine, all-around scholar. He possesses a tenacity of purpose which has characterized many men greater than he; and in fact, it is this sticktoitiveness which will undoubtedly carry him successfully through life. Since coming to Tech to study chemistry he has never let an opportunity slip by in which he could gain knowledge of new facts. The stock of general chemical information he possesses would equip him very well for successful teaching, which is the nature of work he intends to pursue. Lane's thesis gives promise of much interest. The work is upon poisonous gases formed during smoking cigarettes. For one of his tests Harold slyly collected a volume of air in Kinnie's private office, and found 16 per cent of C O present. As a result of this, and showing that he has faith in Harold's work, the Doc now uses only the highest grade of cigars.

C. ALLAN LYFORD.....Chemist

"This is our May Queen."

Lyford was born May 1, 1880; although "Lufford" is not a "May Queen" as one ordinarily uses that term, he has proven himself a great help to the Athletic Association in their May Outdoor Meets. Not only was he a point winner in the Class Games when our class won in the Freshman year, and the Tufts Meet in our Sophomore year, but his efficiency was rewarded by his election as captain of the team for 1900-'01 and 1901-'02. Lyford may not be very quick in grasping his subject, but he isn't afraid to quiz the Professor if he does not see the point. He has plenty of horse-sense which stands him in good stead. Unlike the other chemists he doesn't think he knows everything about chemistry and expects to pursue a graduate course at Clark University. Lyford is a good pen and ink artist and has done god work for the *Aftermath*.

WILLIAM A. MACKENZIE, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ Civil

"Mac." sometimes called "Hennessey," is looking for just enough of Tech to help him in his business as "dad's" assistant in running the water works of the entire State of Connecticut. His one regret is that U. Waldo teaches German instead of Italian, as the latter is "Mac's" strong game. In this language he is equally at home either in directing a gang of "guineas" or in quoting love passages from "Il Trovatore." He's a mighty good fellow and popular with all. Is passionately fond of "olives" and other good things, but is seldom "sick-a-da-bel."

CLINTON SANDBORN MESLER.....Mechanic

Mesler, when he first struck Tech, hailed from the town of Millbury, but being the son of a Methodist minister, who usually have a great propensity for moving, he subsequently made Oxford his home. He used to travel back and forth on the train with Goddard and Arnold, who did their best to corrupt some of his strict and Puritan morals, and we think they succeeded to a slight extent. He has been seen once in a theatre, and upon one occasion was heard to utter rather too emphatic a word for a minister's son.

Mesler, during his Freshman year, played full-back on the varsity foot ball team, and also played on the base ball team. He was one of the three men who held the cane in our first cane rush, and has played on all the class teams. Clinton strenuously denies any liking for the gentler sex, until he is confronted with the cold and brutal proofs, when, as he cannot tell a lie, he blushinglly admits that he writes to a young lady, and also that he has taken another young lady riding behind his father's trotter.

Mesler is a good fellow, with plenty of class spirit and love of fun, and we predict for him a calm and peaceful journey through life with some gentle maiden to help him over the rough spots.



H. N. MOREHOUSE



G. E. MUNROE



R. W. NICKERSON



E. S. PARSONS

HARRY WARNER MOREHOUSE, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ Electric.

This infant prodigy, familiarly known as Willie, first began to answer "Hello!" in Washington, Conn., in 1881, but after a short sojourn was compelled to withdraw to Bristol, Conn., to recuperate. Here he was known as "that cute little Morehouse boy," a sobriquet which he has maintained while at Tech, as the girls will testify.

Harry is much interested in practical electricity, particularly that relating to telephone exchanges, and frequently is obliged to remain at the central office all night to investigate its mysteries. You will find one of Harry's chief traits mentioned in our little alphabet, so no more need be said about that. With a fine head, both outside and inside, "Bill Newcomb" is bound to get there.

GEORGE EGBERT MUNROE.....(Electric.)

George Egbert Munroe, known about Tech as "Deacon" or "Deac." for short, was born at Holyoke, Mass., March 30, 1882. He was graduated from the Springfield High School in the year 1899, entering Tech with the rest of our most renowned class in the fall of that year. He is of a quiet and studious disposition, although in no sense a grind, and he is always anxious to promote peace and harmony. If anything in the way of a scrap is on, "Deac." always does his best to get into it. "Deac." is at present seriously considering whether he will not drop the Electrical Course at Tech and take up the study of law, as he has few rivals in the art of argumentation, and these few usually give up in despair before his hail-storm of questions and reasonings. Among his class-mates "Deac." is popular, but his mustache tickles the ladies more than it does the fellows.

RALPH WALDO NICKERSON.....Civil.

After preparing for Tech at the Fall River High School he cast in his lot with the "Agricultural Street Gang." Soon after his arrival in Worcester he discovered Elm Park, and we have learned since that during those happy days he made some very pleasant acquaintances there, and he has made many others since. During his Junior year he developed into a short-distance runner, and we expected him to be a good point winner for us in the meet with Tufts. He is capable of passing judgment upon any thing, and he has a threadbare stock of puns which he always insists upon springing at any occasion. He has held the class vice-presidency and is chairman of the Athletic Association nominating committee, editor of the Journal and associate editor of this book. A jolly good fellow, although a member of the Civil Gang.

EDMUND S. PARSONS.....Mechanic.

Edmund S. Parsons, better known as "Willie," "City," "Sammy" and sometimes as "Say You," was reared in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, but he wouldn't stay reared. He was an energetic youth, doing anything anyone else could, if no one was looking. In the High School the class made him president: (Note.—The class was mostly made up of girls.) Being strong of limb and tough he entered the athletic field, where he won laurels in both foot ball and track. Since coming to Tech he has been an enthusiastic athlete, and as a result he wears the college emblem. He nearly always has his lessons in some shape, but if not, he engineers the answers, such as chain lightning, C47 H32 O16, and the great wall of China. He has held the athletic offices and was president of the class the last half of the Junior year, when the "Prom" was so successfully run off. "Sammy" likes a joke as well as the next man, especially if it is on the next man. He has a great liking for the fairer sex, and responded to the following toast at our Half Way Thro'—"Girls" (the Half was never told). His favorite dish is shredded wheat (we wonder why). When he makes his fortune he is going to run a cooking school for girls and let them have callers every night in the week. We presume that he intends to live a bachelor's life. May he live long.



ENOCH PERKINS



W. B. POPE



H. J. POTTER



G. F. READ, Jr.

ENOCH PERKINS, S A EMechanic

"Perk" joined us at the beginning of our Junior year, having found the curriculum at Tech a little too strenuous for a four years' course. His preparation was obtained at Northampton High School. He went into athletics during his Freshman and Sophomore years, entering the cross-countries and running in the quarter-mile. Since then he has dropped this part of Tech life for a more extended knowledge of Hydraulics. It is said that on a thesis trip to Chaffins with the "shop horse" he walked home so as to get there in time for supper. Perkins is of a quiet nature, but is a fine fellow when known.

WALTER B. POPE.....Chemist

"Emil Fischer, Jr.," came into the world December 15, 1879, for the purpose of helping Emil Fischer, Sr., determine the constitution of Albumen and other complex organic compounds. Owing, however, to "Emil's" engagement with the city of Boston as a specialist in "Gardens" he has not kept pace with his illustrious namesake. As he has to ride twenty miles on the train every morning, his experiences have been many and varied, so that his stories are always tinged with the marvelous. When not otherwise engaged, nothing pleases him better than to be allowed to mop up the laboratory floor for Dr. Kinnicutt. In addition to his other traits he is always looking at the bright side of the world and refuses to be discouraged. He is a singer of no mean ability, especially when it comes to rendering "Look Out for the Bees." Ashland offers no suitable opportunities for the brilliant but spasmodic genius of "Emil," so he contemplates settling in Dorchester, where he can study "The good, the true, and the beautiful" in peace.

HENRY JAMES POTTER.....Mechanic

This is the martyr who has endured four years as Spence's room-mate. Such heroism is worthy of a better cause and marks the man as one of Destiny's chosen. Although, at times, he looks as stern as the Goddess of Liberty refusing a drink, yet withal he is a merry youth and prone to pleasant pranks. From the first he has distinguished himself as one of our best members, both in class spirit and in scholarship. He has been class secretary, vice-president, besides getting a crack at you as one of the editors of this book. We have not borne him the least grudge because he comes from East Woodstock, Conn. Junior year came near being his ruin, for Terpsichore had him by the heels and the way he and Roberts talked about "giving the girls a whirl to-night" would ram you down the sprue hole. But the 185 hours a week of Senior work took the kinks out of his vaudeville tendencies and he again settled down with the rest of us dead 'uns. His thesis consists in finding out the fallacy of a lot of hydraulic fairy tales connected with turbines. Here's to him! May his path lead through pleasant places.

GEORGE F. READ, Jr.....Mechanic

On one sunny day in July there arrived in the seaboard town of Fall River a little child, bright-eyed, dark hair sticking straight up, broad shoulders, and, in fact, having all the qualities of becoming a great man. "Honey," as this child is now called, after going through the lower grades, went to the B. M. C. Durfee High School, where he got his preparation for Tech. He has always been a popular fellow, having been president of the class, manager of the Journal, president of the Athletic Association, and is manager of this book. In our Freshman year he played centre on our foot-ball team and did good work, but this must have had bad effects on him, because it was about this time he was afflicted with "night horse" and falling out of bed. George was a member of the "Agricultural Street Gang" and we shall never forget the terrible tear he got sliding down hill when that merry crowd were out on one of their constitutionals. Nevertheless, it shocked George more than it did us, but he took it well because "he can enjoy a joke as well as the next man."



J. A. SANDFORD



R. E. SHAW



J. C. SPENCE



E. L. STONE, Jr.

JOSEPH A. SANDFORD.....Electric

Joseph Addison (Sir Roger de Coverley's old friend), otherwise known as "Sandy" or "Joe Pete," passed his youthful days in Ware attending the public schools of that place. As a Freshman "Sandy" played an illustrious part in the cane rush, and during the subsequent early morning pilgrimage he was captured by the revengeful Sophs and suffered untold horrors from a threatened bath in Salisbury Pond. When a Sophomore, he was avenged by being one of the bankrupt four who abducted certain members of '02 from their banquet by taking them on a cab journey into Holden, where they were left to a tiresome and thoughtful journey back to the city. In his Junior year, Mr. Sandford was Mrs. Day's agent for the Light Fantastic, as well as one of the committee who carried through the "Junior Prom" so successfully. Mr. Sandford's failing is a frequent return to Ware, where he indulges in fast driving, meeting occasionally with a hot-box or an upset.

RAYMOND E. SHAW, $\Phi \Delta \Gamma$ Mechanic.

Raymond first squared his shoulders and threw out his chest in the year 1881 A. D., in the town of Van Deusenville—we should have said Great Barrington—out near Pittsfield, where "Ben" Foot came to light. Shaw "preped" for Tech at the Great Barrington High School and Worcester Academy, and is almost the only relic of "that Academy bunch" of our Freshman year. He is an ardent admirer of horseflesh and can tell in a moment the pedigree of any horse of note, since the wooden horse of the Siege of Troy—"Ever hear of black gelding Snapper? Oh, yes, he was sired by 'so-and-so'—and dammed by—well, everybody that ever drove him." There are rumors that our friend Shaw is starting a stable of the fastest, on his own hook—and has even gone so far as to try to bargain with Mr. A—— for the horse that can get from Tech out to Chaffins by 3.00 P. M. and leave Tech at 3.15 (P. M. also, of course). His latest scheme is to put green goggles on his horse and feed it shavings, thus making the horse think he was eating grass. Intends to spend the near future in buncoing the farmers into buying ball-bearing mowing machines. However, we will say that Shaw is a good fellow "for a' that"—everyone has a hobby (horse), you know.

JOHN CAMPBELL SPENCE, $\Phi \Delta \Gamma$ Mechanic.

Jack, as he is called by his familiar friends and the ladies, migrates to Worcester from Chicopee Falls. During the school year 1898-1899, he brushed up his memory at Williston Seminary and the Chicopee High School, coming to Tech with the rest of us in the fall of '99. After the cane rush he was glad that he didn't come a year earlier. Jack was our class president in the second half of our Freshman year, has been captain and manager of the 'Varsity foot ball team, secretary of the Athletic Association, and, lastly, editor-in-chief of this book. Although he is exceedingly bashful, he has been known to converse with the ladies for the experience to be derived therefrom. In his Junior year he very kindly gave his services as stage manager and decorator to the "Daisy Social Society" play for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund. Don't be afraid of him, little girls; he isn't as stern as he looks. He is probably wondering how to repair his watch in the blacksmith shop.

EDWARD L. STONE, Jr., $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ Electric.

Is a specimen of the massive minds turned out yearly at Worcester High. He showed his Worcester political training immediately by being appointed to every class committee during the Freshman year. His greatest achievement was in choosing our class cap, which was a monument of artistic beauty and good taste that would make the editoress of the "Delineator" green with jealousy. His stronghold in athletics is base ball. At short stop he fills the bill—especially the short part of it. But when you begin to talk about the ladies, you hit him on his top flask. He is able and willing to show you, at any time, a small trunk filled with billet-doux, which have come from all parts of the compass. "Me and Harry didn't do a thing to 'em down on Cape Cod last summer."



R. E. TRUESDELL



H. W. TUFTS



E. DEL. WERNECK



C. T. WILLARD

RALPH EPHRIAM TRUESDELL.....Electric.

"Goo Goo Eyes" hails from the town of Holden. Says he comes in every morning on the train, but from the shape of his legs and the development of his chest we have come to believe that he does the distance in cross-country style. When he first came to Tech he became famous through his essay on "Growing Cucumbers Under Glass," which he read before our society formed by Prof. Cutler for the purpose of stimulating the growth of the inner man, for higher aims, etc., etc. During the Junior year he stopped worrying and told Professor Smith that he wasn't going to plug on electricity, as "We're all goin' ter git screwed, anyhow." His Junior research was for a "rubber-jawed chuck" in the tool room, while during the Senior he divided his attentions between women, studying his A, B, C's on an electric sign, and trying to find out what made the 500 keep stopping. Truesdell throughout his course was a loyal and enthusiastic class worker, full of the right kind of spirit and all-round good-hearted fellow.

HERBERT W. TUFTS.....Civil.

Tuffie's first year was uneventful, his time being spent in faithful preparation of his daily tasks. The college influence was working quietly upon him, and the next year he comes to our attention as one fortunate enough to have an invitation to the Junior Banquet. Another year, and how changed. Standing well in all subjects, one has particular fascination for him. It is astronomy. Tuffie has discovered one of those stars whose attraction brings him into another realm where he assumes the role of Romeo. (As I tell this little incident, how plainly I hear him saying, "By John Rogers" and "You goll-darn junk.") Later in the year he makes the track team and is only prevented from breaking the records in throwing the hammer by the cancelling of the dual meet. The Senior year is not less eventful. The fascination of Junior banquets is still with him, that same trait which showed itself several years before. Although an uninvited guest, he is one of the few to receive a warm welcome within the banquet hall at Jefferson.

ELPIDEO DE LACERDA WERNECK.....Mechanic.

Descendant of Christopher Colombo, and Count of the Wild Cat Gold Mine, hails from Leopoldina, Minas Geraes, Brazil. That ought to bend you "forth and back." He came to us from Worcester Academy, where he had spent two years in learning our ideas and methods. On account of illness, he was compelled to return home to Brazil at the end of his Sophomore year, but has learned to look upon this as a blessing, as he thus got rid of 1902 and was enabled to join a set of fellows who made him feel more at home. He is a walking encyclopaedia in matters in general and locomotives in particular. He has invented an appliance which will enable freights to stop within city limits without fear of the dogs eating all the grease from the bearings. With Walsh as a partner, he performed some really wonderful experiments in the Physics Lab., obtaining correct results, regardless of data. An advance agent of the "Brazil Colonization Co.," he will take your name if you are thinking of trying your luck in South America, provided you promise to have a large family.

CHARLES TURNER WILLARD.....Chemist.

Charles Turner Willard, commonly known as "T," is a Worcester boy—a graduate of the classical High School. He was chairman of the Half Way Thro' banquet committee. His favorite study is organic chemistry. The greater part of his time in the laboratory is spent in putting out the fires which he is continuously causing. It was quite a relief to the others when he removed to Dr. Jennings' private laboratory. His most important office during the Senior year was the leadership of the Chemists' Quartet, which met every Wednesday and Thursday to disturb the rest of the classes in Salisbury Laboratories. He is characterized as being a hustler, which will surely bring him success in his future work, as all his friends expect.

Past Members



ARTHUR G. ALLEN.

Small, but O my! "Artie" is not built like a greyhound, but he can cover the ground fast enough to win first place in the cross-country runs. Although he left us at the end of the Junior year, he had certainly done his share toward upholding the colors of 1903. As a member of track team, Allen also brought in the points for Tech in our meet with Tufts. "Artie" was a quiet boy and was never known to smoke anything stronger than a cigar, unless it was two cigars.

JOSE BACARDI.

He came to us from Santiago, Cuba, and was a helpmate of Spellman in breaking tapes, etc. Bacardi was most noted for teaching and for finding the best place to lie down and go to sleep. Bacardi could certainly draw, if he couldn't do anything else, and left us rather hastily at the end of our Freshman year to take up the sketching of French curves and the like.

CHESTER A. BACON.

Bacon came to us from Bridgewater, Mass. There is a normal school there. He was vice-president of the class during the first half of the Freshman year. After having successfully put "'02" on the hog, he left us at the end of the Sophomore year. Since then he has been employed as draughtsman by the Plunger Elevator Co. and has contributed to the illustrations in this book.

LOUIE A. BACON, Φ Γ Δ.

Louie was a bang-up good man in the shops, but didn't take to several other necessary duties. He quit after the first round and has since held good positions.

W. EDMUND BLODGETT.

He was a quiet fellow, with always a pleasant word for everybody, and we were sorry to lose him during our Sophomore year. He was a runner of no mean ability and did good work for the class in the cross-country runs. Blodgett is at present draughtsman for the Fairbanks Scale Co., of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

HARRY KNIGHT BRIGGS.

Harry, Athol's stalwart son, came among us at the beginning of our Junior year in order to help us out with Physics Lab., and stayed till the last report had "crossed the bar." His soldier-like bearing and orderliness showed that he had not spent his time in vain at Norwich University. His grace and ease in society indicated an intimate acquaintance with the fair sex. His good-natured fellowship and generosity made us all feel that we lost one of our best fellows, when he decided not to return to Tech with us for another year. Harry's motto was—"Every husking-bee has its valentine."

C. HERBERT BROWN, S A E.

"Brownie" came down from Fitchburg to visit Tech for a year and inquire into the workings of that institution. He was an ardent lover of true art, belonging to "Ding-toe's" aggregation of star pencil pushers, but when it came to admiring the good, the true and the beautiful, as depicted by Professor Cutler in an Anglo-Dutch quizzah, he packed his valise and handed in his resignation. He is at present at the head of the designing department in a large manufacturing concern in Fitchburg.

ROBERT D. CENTER.

Was with us during a part of our Freshman and Sophomore years. He tried 1904 for a time, but finally gave it up entirely.

MAX R. CLEARWATER.

(Not Max *is* clearwater.)

Scranton, Pa., after much deliberation and careful selection, sent Tech a representative in the person of Clearwater. Perhaps he was the clearest they had, but from the stimulants he was obliged to use to make a half year at Tech endurable, we lost all connection between the name and the owner. 'Twas mighty lucky he didn't stay long enough to participate in any class banquet, for if he had ever struck a place where the "Würzburger" flowed, as it did at Jefferson, we never could have bailed him out.

C. HENRY COCKS.

Entered Tech with 1902 and again with 1903, but couldn't stand the pressure.

CHARLES M. CROSS.

Cross hailed from Hartford Conn. He was noted for his anti-ambition, but won many friends during his two years' stay at Tech. He is now at Cornell.

CHARLES EDWARD DENNIS.

His name is Dennis! If it were not so, he would be with us yet. At the middle of our Junior year he decided to join the ranks of 1904, but he soon tired of their company and decided to enter the employ of the American Steel and Wire Co., where he still remains. As an athlete, he represented 1903 in the cross-country runs and in the foot ball teams. While at Tech, Charlie was one of the mainstays of the Y. M. C. A., a small organization which takes the place of dinner. He didn't play throughout the entire period at Amherst because the umpire thought he was tickling his opponent under the chin.

CHARLES W. DOANE, JR.

Came from Dorchester and stayed with us a few months during our Sophomore year.

FRANK LE ROY EAMES.

Was with us a year and a half, during which time he distinguished himself by his activity in cane and sign rushes. After leaving Tech he entered Harvard Dental College.

CHARLES H. EARNSHAW.

Came to Tech from the Academy, entering with 1902. He left at the middle of our Sophomore year.

WILLIAM S. EMERSON.

Emerson stuck by us for a year and then tried 1904. He evidently was not pleased with the change, and, obtaining a decree of divorce from the Faculty, gave his hand to 1905. In partnership with his brother, each taking alternate years, he hopes to complete the course. He is the fortunate man who made the famous touchdown against Amherst Aggie.

FREDERICK L. GALLUP, Σ A E.

"Freddie" hailed from Norwich, Conn., but was no stranger to Worcester when he entered Tech, as he had been Worcester Academy's star quarter-miler. He came up to our first class meeting President Roosevelt style, and carried the election for president like George Washington, with a unanimous vote. In the class games during our Freshman year he won about as many points as the whole class of '02. In the 220-yard sprint, especially, he showed his calibre, and Danny Regan, who was one of the officials, thought he wasn't "all in" at the finish. After a sojourn of a couple of years at Tech on and off, Freddie left for Cornell, where he is at present doing all the honors in the speed line.

FRANK T. GILSON, Σ A E.

"Gil" came to Tech from Walpole, N. H. At the end of our Freshman year he left us to take a position with the Boston and Maine Railroad. At last accounts, however, he was running a brickyard for Norcross Bros. at Epping, N. H.

GEORGE D. GOODSPEED.

Goodspeed came to Tech from Gardner, Mass. He was one of our point winners in the class games and we were sorry to lose him at the end of the Freshman year.

ARTHUR W. HAIR.

Another Worcester, dazzled us during our Sophomore year with his Norwich University uniforms. His stay with us was short and we did not get acquainted with many characteristics.

ABRAHAM JOSEF.

Came to Tech on a scholarship from the Russian Government. Before, however, he took a course in a Russian technical school and also for a while had charge of a large electrical plant in Germany. The handicap due to lack of knowledge of the English language was too much for him, however, and his stay was short.

CARLOS LE BLANC.

Stayed just long enough to get his name in the catalogue.

WALTER E. MACGOWAN.

Came to us from Brown at the beginning of our Sophomore year, but was not with us one year later. "Mac" was a classical student and felt out of place at Tech, so he returned to Brown, and graduated with the 1902 crowd.

THOMAS F. MCGOVERN.

A Worcester boy, came to us from Dartmouth, but became tired of studying and left to take a position with a civil engineering firm, after attending a few recitations.

RICHARD H. MIRICK, Σ A E.

"Dick" paved his way to Tech with a Worcester C. H. S. education. He started in by giving "Hink" a few tips on how to run his buzz-saw, but as that worthy failed to take any back lash, he transferred his attention to the civil department. During the Sophomore year he rigged up some isinglass planes which solved descript problems while you waited. He was so much pleased with his invention that he waited until '04 came along so that he might show them how to do descript by the same method. Professor Smith gave him an A for his assistance, and now he has started again for diploma. May success attend his efforts.

ROGER T. MORRIS.

Roger graduated from Monson Academy, '98, and entered Tech with '02, but left them in his Freshman year on account of sickness and joined us the next year. He remained with us until we became Seniors, when he left to accept a position on the Holden Electric Railroad and to get married. The first he has carried out to the letter, the latter he has thought better of and has postponed until some time in the near future.

ISAAC NICOLL

Came from Washingtonville, N. Y., and prepared at Bordentown, Canaan, and Worcester Academies. "Ike" was at Tech three years, but did not seem to be in sympathy with the new Doc, and so as not to cause the latter any unpleasantness, left us. "Ike" is still in Worcester. Why?

J. WALTER NORCROSS, Σ A E.

"Joe" left Longmeadow, Mass., during the early fall of '99 to spend a little time with his grandfather in Worcester and incidentally to attend Tech. Always liked to give '03 a high and exalted position, so he shinned up the pole in "Willie" Nutt's room while that worthy was explaining a little problem to an extraordinarily attentive group of tall fellows, and made a very artistic '03 on the ceiling. Made himself famous one morning by reporting for practice in the shop at 7 o'clock in evening dress. Played end on the 'Varsity foot ball team. Was never afraid to tell a Prof. what he thought of him, and on that account was credited with an E by "Plumb" Duff. Joe told his grandfather that as E stood for excellent, he didn't need any more Tech training, but felt perfectly willing to accept a position with Norcross Bros. He is now one of the high muck-a-mucks who has nothing to do but draw his salary, but you should hear him extol the virtues of a Tech education.

LEWIS W. RIGGS.

Riggs entered Tech with 1901, but the faculty didn't believe in all his theories, so he took a vacation. He tried again with us, but only stayed a couple of months.

EDWIN M. ROBERTS.

Edwin was with us for three years, but, as it was rather difficult to assimilate Tech life along with the social life, he decided to join 1904, thereby getting six to eight afternoons off every week. In the fall of 1901 he became a devoted servant to Terpsichore, and his "tache" received even more attention than it had hitherto. At present he occupies a mansion on Massachusetts avenue, but we haven't heard of an present he occupies a mansion on Massachusetts avenue. As a point-winner in the cross-country runs, Roberts was one of the best.

RALPH SHIPMAN.

Shipman played in hard luck during his stay in Tech and had to leave after the first exams.

FRED. B. SPELLMAN.

He graduated from Worcester High School. "Spell," as he was called, was one of that sort of fellows one would recognize on a dark night on account of his hair. At the end of our Freshman year, thinking he had broken a sufficient number of tapes and had enough of Baldy's German, left us, never to return.

LUKE W. STANTON.

Luke made a name for himself while at Tech as a high jumper in the class games during our Freshman year. He also won points for us in the shot-put. He was, in fact, one of our best all-around athletes. He came to us from Worcester Academy. He is now in the lumber business.

ERNEST W. TAYLOR.

Taylor entered Tech with 1902, but was soon obliged to leave on account of poor health. He joined us at the beginning of the Freshman year and stayed only that year. He had charge of the W. M. S. exhibit at Buffalo and later had charge of an exhibit at Charleston, S. C.

ALBERT TURNER.

Turner had the fortune to enter on German, and it was while we were studying one of these texts that he received the nickname "Gottlieb." When hailed by "Wie geht's, Gottlieb?" he would reply, "Zwei Beine wie ganz und so weiter." According to his original intentions he stayed with us for two years. He was one of the experts in the wood-room, as some of us can testify who own one of his instrument boxes. The little German poems which he recited, although not taken from Goethe's works, were marvels in strength and clearness. At present he is employed by the Norton Emery Wheel Co. as draughtsman. Last, but by no means least, Turner now has a home of his own.

EDWIN E. WAITE.

Waite was a wild man who held the pace for one year. He was noted for his ingenious method of obtaining ammonia, which, however, did not seem to suit Danny. He and his bicycle helped us to win the only class games held during our stay here. The Faculty were expected to let him through on account of his remarkable victories, but either they lacked good judgment or something happened.

FRANCIS P. WALSH.

The man without a care. The only fellow in the class who could flunk an exam. dead and then come out of the room whistling. He was our liveliest member, and we all regret that he changed his mind at the end of the Junior year and went to Columbia. A corking good athlete, he played foot ball and base ball for three years, being captain of both foot-ball and base-ball in his Junior year. If you want to get him going just say, "Providence Street."

FORREST E. WHEELER.

Wheeler is one of our number who handed in his resignation before the Freshman "Mid-Years." He came to us from the Friends' School, of Providence. In the wood-room his waltz with Lane down "Lathe Alley" was not without its pugilistic qualities. When last heard from he was employed by some manufacturing firm in Worcester.

HERBERT V. WILCOX.

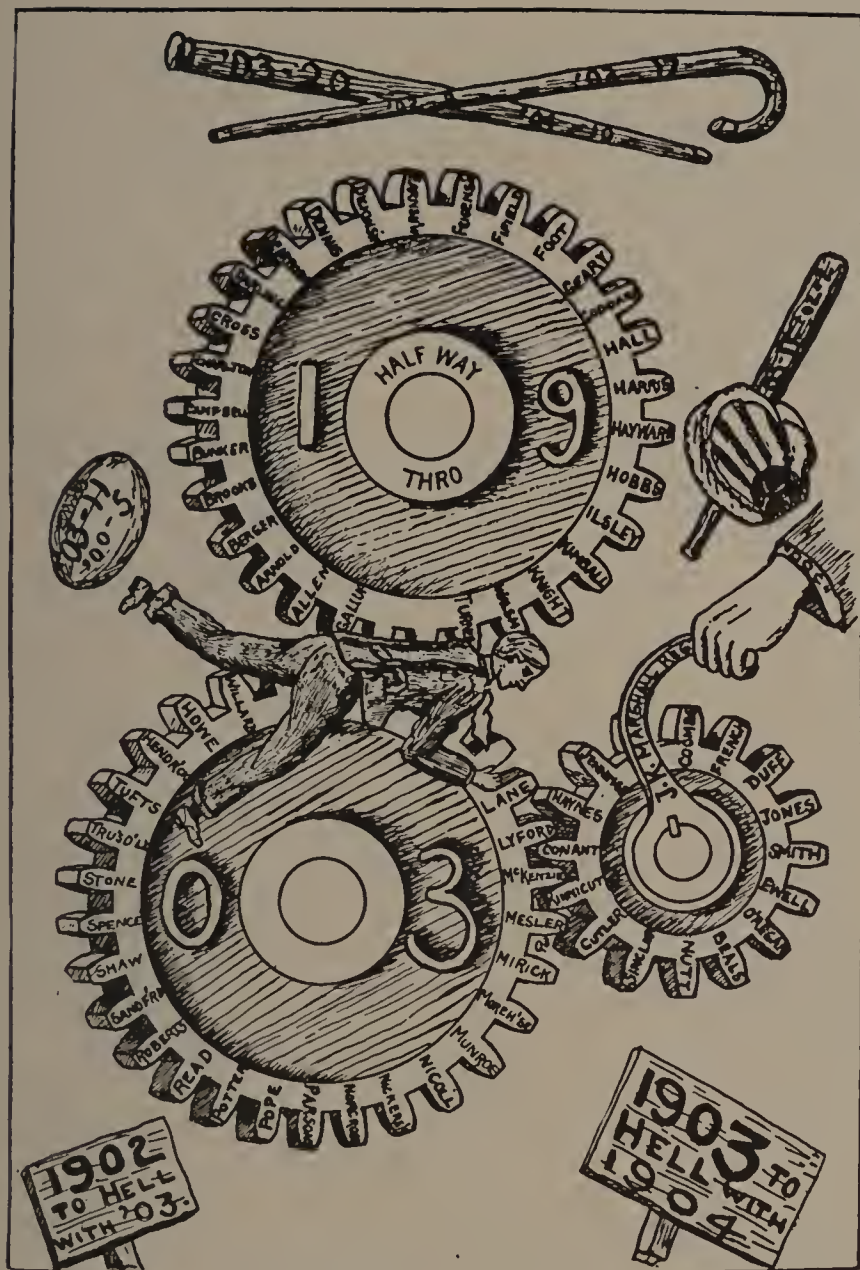
Wilcox was the very warmest member of the Fall River bunch. Was an innocent-looking boy, but we had another guess. During the Thanksgiving recess of our Freshman year he left us.



VIEW FROM THE EAST



18



Half Way Thro

September Twenty

Class of 1903

W. P. I.

MENU

BLUE POINTS

PUREE OF FRESH TOMATOES

CROUTONS

OLIVES

CELERY

PENOBSCOT SALMON, HOLLANDAISE

PARISIENNE POTATOES

FILET OF BEEF, BORDELAISE

BAKED SWEET POTATOES FRENCH PEAS

SORBET, A LA MARQUISE

BROILED SPRING CHICKEN

SARATOGA CHIPS

LETTUCE SALAD

FROZEN PUDDING

ANGEL CAKE

MACAROONS

NUTS AND RAISINS

FRUIT

ROQUEFORT CHEESE

TOASTED CRACKERS

COFFEE

CIGARS

CIGARETTES

TOASTS

FREDERICK LOREN GALLUP, *Toastmaster*

Athletics	FRANCIS P. WALSH
Half Way Thro	ROBERT E. HALL
Faculty	HARRY W. MOREHOUSE
Ladies	EDMUND S. PARSONS
Future	BENJAMIN D. FOOT
Football	JOHN C. SPENCE

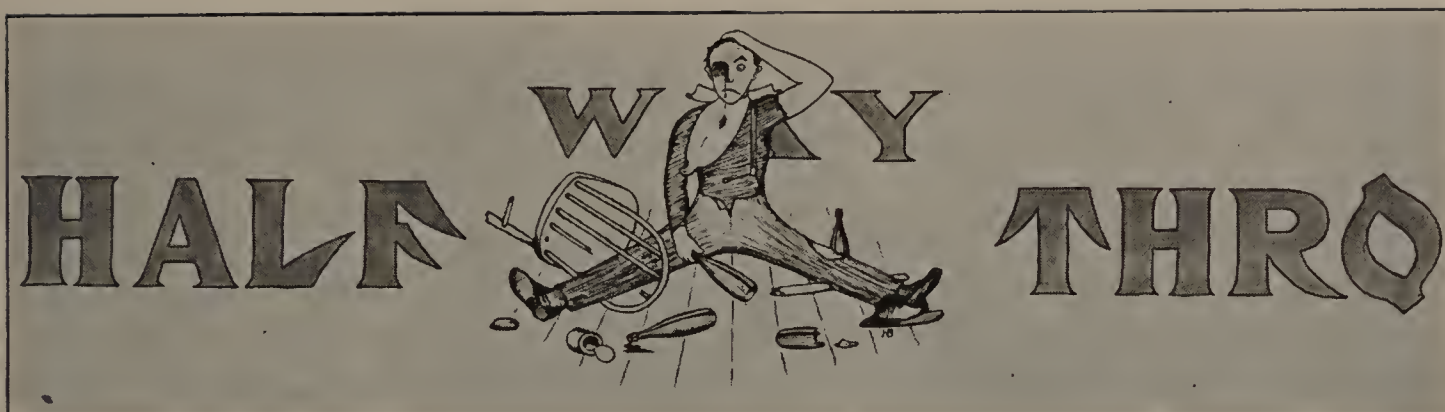
Officers

GEORGE F. READ, JR.	<i>President</i>
ROBERT E. HALL	<i>Vice-President</i>
HENRY J. POTTER	<i>Secretary</i>
RICHARD J. DEARBORN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Banquet Committee

CHAS. T. WILLARD, *Chairman*

ALBERT W. DARLING, JR.	GEORGE F. READ, JR.
J. WALTER NORCROSS	EDWARD L. STONE, JR.



Thursday, October 28, 1902

Mount Pleasant House, Jefferson, Mass.

MENU

EYE-OPENERS

SCOTCH HIGH BALLS

HUNTER RYE

SOUPS

KEROSENE

TURPENTINE

FISH

CAT-FISH

DOG-FISH

SUCKERS

BUDWEISER AND ROCHESTER

ROASTS

FOLLOWED BY

MARTINIS

MANHATTANS

ENTREES

BRANDY SAUCE

RUM PUNCH

DESSERT

ROQUEFORT CHEESE

BEER

DRINKS

ROCK AND RYE

TOM AND JERRY

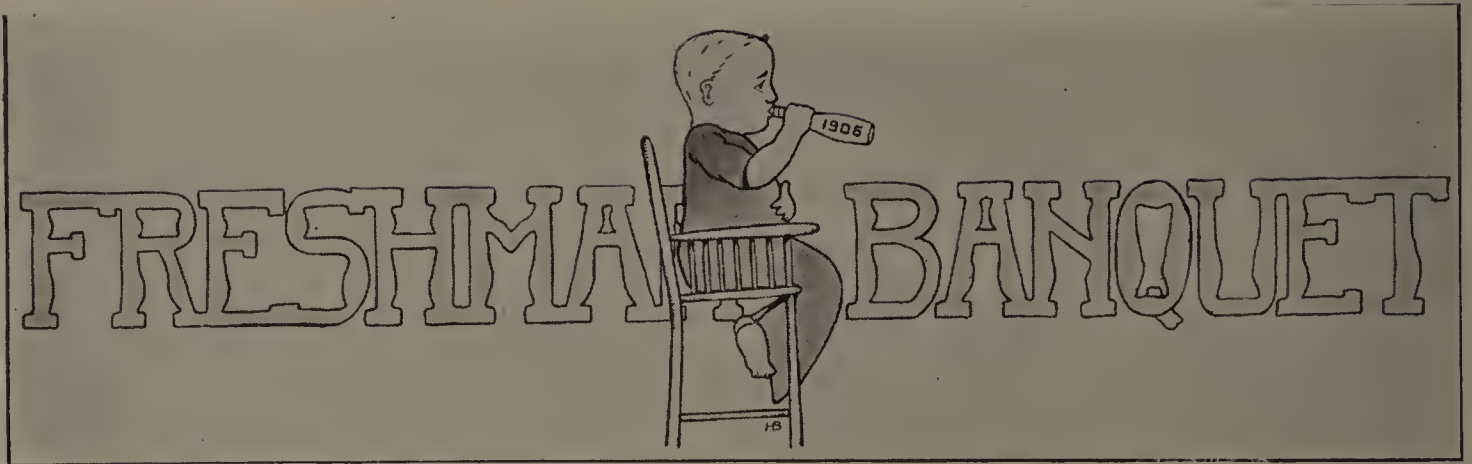
G. O. T.

CIGARS

TOASTS

A. E. RANKIN, *Toastmaster*

Class of 1904	H. S. BLOCH
Faculty	G. E. PELLESIER
Athletics	J. H. RYLANDS (?)
Our Friends—the Ladies	R. C. BOOTH



MENU

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

FORCE

H. O.

TRISCUIT

CRACKER AND MILK

DESSERT

WHITE BREAD AND MOLASSES

DRINKS

MALTED MILK

MELLIN'S FOOD

MOTHER WINSLOW'S

ANIMAL CRACKERS

TOASTS

D. A. HARRINGTON, *Toastmaster*

Past and Future	LOUIS BROOKS
The Ladies	C. K. BUNTING
Athletics	C. M. TOUCEY
The Faculty	A. M. HEMPY
The Class	E. C. MULVEY

Committee

H. R. PHILBRICK
C. K. BUNTING
H. M. HEMPY
D. A. HARRINGTON
E. ROGERS

C. BOUTELLE
C. K. GARRISON
A. GOODWIN
C. M. TOUCEY
E. C. MULVEY

Students of Tech

I.

Jolly students of the 'Tech, we're come to-night
To show you what is black and what is white;
We are always in for fun from the rising of the sun,
But when it sets, we're quickly out of sight.
We can write Dutch at sight, or crib it in the class;
We can turn the whole creation into gas;
We can calculate the strength, or figure out the length,
Of the *via asinorum* for each class.

II.

Our Seniors are the oracles of earth;
The Juniors of knowledge have no dearth;
Sophs think they are the stuff, the Freshies are very tough,
And we all pursue the thorny path with mirth.
Socialist, anarchist, and the photographic fiend,
Historical as well as Tech elect,
The Y. M. C. A. men, whose personnel is ten,
And the Sigs and Phi Gammas so select.

III.

Our Faculty is known both far and wide;
Their mighty wisdom makes us swell with pride;
They are versed in mathematics, hydraulics, steam and statics,
But to fool with them is certain suicide.
Duff and Haynes, such and such, Coombs and Cutler "beat the Dutch;"
Kinnicutt and Sid. Reeve in the Labs. do reign;
Sinclair, Conant, mathematics; Albert Kingsbury in mechanics,
French and Ives cause tension in the Civil's brain.

Worcester Polytech

Air—Long, Long Ago.

I.

Come, comrades, join while we sing once again,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Ring out the song over valley and plain,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Sing till the zephyrs shall waft the sweet strain,
Sing till the hills shall repeat the refrain,
Sing of her glory with might and with main,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.

II.

Boynton and Washburn, thy names we revere,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Salisbury's name we will hail with a cheer,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Though far away o'er the earth we may roam,
We'll cherish the love for our dear, old Tech home,
And when we return we will sing as we come,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.

III.

Wave, stately elms, o'er our campus to-day.
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Guard well our loved hill when we're far away,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.
Come, boys, once more let our voices ring out,
Close up the ranks, let us gather about,
Cheer Rah! Rah! Rah! give one grand, hearty shout,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.

(Repeat Refrain.)

Now three times three and a tiger beside,
The Worcester Polytech is our joy and our pride,
True to her welfare we'll always abide,
Worcester Polytech, Polytech.

An Eulogy to the Class of 1902



The text: "We, Us, Ourselves, and We." The 1902 AFTERMATH, pages 1-149.
(Including "A Message to Garcia.")

THAT noble band of patriots, the class of 1902! Who has not heard of their kind and thoughtful ministries, their deeds of prowess, their grand examples of self denial and resignation? How cheerful were they in the face of defeat! How willingly they shared with us their glorious festivities! How joyous were they as they gathered around their festive board in the inky blackness of the night, while the silence without was broken only by the war-songs of their beloved brethren!

Mayhap, on some future day, when we again climb the old stone steps, we shall behold the National Colors as they float from the highest pinnacle of Boynton Hall. Methinks the tears will come to our eyes, as we think of the pain (and money) that it cost those generous youths when they gave *all*, that their Alma Mater might not be flagless.

But (alas!) this noble band has left us. Their history is deeply engraven upon our hearts, where it will abide for all time. As it behooves us to close this brief record of brotherly love, patriotism, and magnanimity toward all men, what could be more fitting than those inspiring words of the poet:

"Wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."



The Pie Song

Hark, I hear a voice
That makes my heart rejoice, rejoice,
And all it says is pie,
Good old Methodox pie.
There's apple, squash and mince,
And custard, peach and quince, and quince.
We'll raise our voices high
And shout aloud for
P. I.—P. I.—Rah! Rah!
P. I.—P. I.—Rah! Rah!
Hooray!—Hooray!
Worcester, Worcester—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Notice



H EREAFTER, all students working in these shops shall observe the following regulations, which are subject to change without notice:

(1) Each student before entering the shops shall at each exercise make a deposit of ten dollars and thirty cents (\$10.30), from which amount the sum of thirty cents (\$0.30) shall be deducted to cover the value of the lathes and other tools necessary for the execution of said exercise.

(2) At the end of each hour each student shall file at the office a report of the weight and composition of all filings, chips, and other losses, including those incidental to the sharpening of tools.

(3) Whenever, for any reason, a student is tardy, for every absence of 3 minutes and 45 seconds and fraction thereof, he shall work 1.65 hours as a penalty for labor deferred.

(4) Any student wishing to make up lost time shall give notice to that effect at least two weeks before he intends to do the same. No student shall be allowed to make up lost time in two or more departments at the same time.

(5) All extra practice shall be left until after the first Monday in June, when it may be performed at the rate of \$1.30 per hour, excluding fees for instructors.

(6) Owing to the crowded condition of the shops, all students are hereafter required to make up their Summer Practice of 400 hours between the first Monday and the second Saturday in June. Those working on the night shift will be allowed double time.

(7) No unnecessary conversation shall be allowed. Necessary conversation may be carried on in whispers for a period not exceeding one minute (1') at a time.

(8) Riding on the elevator is strictly forbidden.

(9) Overalls and jumpers shall be washed and open for inspection at least once every week.

(10) Students are requested to keep step with the instructors when it becomes necessary to accompany them from one part of the building to another.

(11) Any student who looks at a journeyman shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and his case shall be reported at the next meeting of the Faculty.

(12) The time required for the completion of each exercise has been carefully determined by an experienced piece-maker. Failure to complete an exercise in the allotted time shall result in a 30 per cent. reduction of the student's mark for the said exercise.

(13) Hereafter, all lard-oil shall be taken from the tool-room, where it must be returned at least one hour before the closing of each period of practice.

(14) A written examination for each department shall take place at the end of each semester. Any student who fails in these examinations shall receive a condition.

N. B.—Any student who fails to comply with the above rules shall be expelled.

(Signed)

PRESERVED POWERS
CURLY PINE WOOD
A. METAL TURNER
GREY PIG IRONS
BLACK SMITH

Directors.

SEPT. 18, 1910.



Shop Term—Bottom Tap

Good=bye Faculty

Air—Good-Bye Dolly Gray.

I have come to say good-bye, Faculty ;
There's no need to ask me why, Faculty.
There are groanings in the air,
You can hear them everywhere,
And you do not seem to care, Faculty.
Don't you hear the tramp of feet, Faculty,
Marching through the station street, Faculty ?
'Tis the tramp of students' feet,
With their knowledge incomplete,
Rushing for a railroad seat, Faculty.

Good-bye, Worcester, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go ;
Something in the office tells me
That my marks are very low.
Good-bye, Worcester, I must leave you,
Through the course I cannot squeeze.
Good-bye, Worcester, I must leave you,
All I got were E's.

Polly=Wolly

Air—Yale Boola.

I.

Oh! we're from Tech,
And we're always on deck,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech.
We are here for work,
Which we never shirk,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech.
But when we play
We have a way
That makes us all feel gay.
We are full of cheer
From year to year,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech.
Polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly,
Polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly, Polytech.

II.

For each new year
That we are here,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech,
The Institute
Still grows more dear,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech.
And when we go out in the world,
Amid its din and whirl,
We'll think with pride
Of our college guide,
Worcester, Worcester Polytech.
Polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly,
Polly-wolly, polly-wolly, polly-wolly, Polytech.

Oread, My Oread

(Tune—Maryland, My Maryland.)

Thou shalt not languish in the Tower,
Oread, My Oread.
Thy castle walls shall lose their power,
Oread, My Oread.
Out through its gate we will away,
And ramble slow 'ere it is day,
For all its rules we'll not obey,
Oread, My Oread.

Thou shalt not of thy school forget,
Oread, My Oread.
Nor ever of these larks regret,
Oread, My Oread.
Remember Perky's stringent sway,
Remember to thy dying day
The laws that kept me oft away,
Oread, My Oread.

Yet "absence doth the heart endear,"
Oread, My Oread.
I often wish that thou wert here,
Oread, My Oread.
My fairest dreams are all of thee,
No matter where my tasks may be,
I often wish that I could see,
Oread, My Oread.

- A** IS for Arnold
 From Webster, Mass.
 He never was known
 To be seen with a lass.
- B** IS for Bunker
 Of Kinnicutt's men.
 He has as much life
 As a very sick hen.
- C** IS for Campbell,
 Whose mate is called Brooks.
 They're both great at dancing
 And also at books.
- D** IS for Darling
 And also for dear.
 When she talks to him thus
 She's always quite near.
- E** IS for Earnshaw
 And also for Eames.
 Likewise the marks
 That spoiled their Tech dreams.
- F** IS for Fifield,
 A Civil so bold.
 Since brass retains heat
 He'll never grow cold.
- G** IS for Geary,
 At Tech always late.
 But this is not so
 When he's keeping a date.
- H** IS for Henning
 V. Hendricks, of Holden,
 Who doles out his minutes
 As if they were golden.
- I** IS for Ilsley,
 He warmed (?) Newton Hall;
 His furnace made ice
 In both summer and fall.

J IS for Jackass,
Of these we are short;
Naught-Two had a corner
On all of that sort.

K IS for Kimball,
As I have heard tell,
Who loves the Keene tone
Of a very sweet Belle.

L IS for Lyford,
Who jumps a high hurdle,
With daring so bold
'T would make your blood curdle.

N IS for Morehouse,
Who looks for his fun
All over the city
In more houses than one.

M IS for Nickerson,
Who tackles the 'phone
So often each day
He should own his own.

O IS the goose-egg
You get in the quiz;
A gentle reminder
To attend to your biz.

P IS for Parsons,
Of Oread fame;
The girls the world over
Know sweet Willie's name.

Q FOR the Queens
Who take from Tech life
Much of its worry,
Hurry and strife.

R IS for Read,
Who handles our money.
So pay up right off;
Don't try to get funny.

S IS for Stone,
He has a hard name ;
But fear not, young lady,
You'll find him quite tame.

T IS for Truesdell,
With Horse Power galore.
When he goes to Sid's classes
He goes there to snore.

U IS for Us ;
Yes, we of Naught-Three,
The grandest of classes
Tech ever will see.

V FOR the Vim
You'll find in each chap
Who wears the school emblem
On sweater or cap.

W FOR Werneck,
From Minas Geraes,
Who goes to the lake
When he has the price.

X FOR Xams ;
By these I can tell
If I stay here at Tech
Or some other —— place.

Y IS for You, dear,
Here's to your health,
We'll come back to get you
When we have gained wealth.

Z IS for Zeus,
The hot-god of steam,
Who gave to Herr Zeuner
His devilish scheme.

No Man Can Serve Two Masters—Mat. 6:24

I.

There was a professor named Haynes
Who took most particular pains
To impress on our souls
That chief in man's goals
Is to honestly get what he gains.

II.

There was a professor named Jones,
Who told us in sweet, gentle tones,
How to cheat all our neighbors,
Not pay for their labors
And live quite entirely on loans.



Life at the West-Side of Worcester

How pleasant is this country life,
Far from the city's noisy whirl,
Where Tom-cat whiles the hours of night
In singing to his shut-in girl,
Where watch-dogs mourn unto the moon
In sad tones of monotony,
And sleep, that much desired boon,
Is murdered by a restless flea,
And one lone "skeeter" in the room
Keeps up an everlasting din,
Until I rise to drive him out
And let well nigh a thousand in.

On Commencement Day

Here, when the trees are wreathed in green,
While the winds are whispering low,
And birds lend music to the scene,
To the past in thought we go.

'Twas four short years ago we met,
Within these walls so gray;
We think of these years with keen regret
As we say good-bye today.

Who can forget the friends here made,
As we toiled on side by side?
Or who can let thy glory fade,
Alma Mater, our joy and pride?

'Tis too true that some are gone,
Whom we fain would clasp by the hand;
And one much loved has passed beyond,
To our heavenly Fatherland.

Those who have taught us day by day,
And their wealth of thought have given;
To them due honor let us pay;
'Tis toward their goal we have striven.

Some are old in life's long way,
And to some the path is new;
But we think of them all as friends today;
They have been to us staunch and true.

So as we gather here once more,
In this hall time-stained and gray,
Let's pledge to keep her name to the fore
On this, our Commencement Day.

As year after year speeds swiftly past,
And June sings her old sweet song;
May we all our work aside then cast
And to this hilltop throng.

Now, as we say our last farewells
To these scenes with memories rife;
Through the waving elms, our chorus swells:
Alma Mater, '03,—long life!

—C. F. H.

A Tech Dream



WHEN I was a freshman Dr. Mendenhall gave us several lectures in what was called "Elementary Mechanics." The Doctor was fond of amazing our innocent minds with stories of Galileo and other dippy dagoes.

After one of these lectures, in which we were told how mechanical power for the world could be obtained by encircling the earth with an annular gear at the equator and taking power from any desirable number of pinions, I went home cogitating on the greatness of man and ambitious to emulate these geniuses.

Study on other subjects was useless that evening. My brain was a hot-box of impossible mechanical combinations. At last, tired out, I retired, only to toss about nervously. In a half slumber, a benevolent-looking, bald-headed old gentleman came to me and, putting his hand on my fevered brow, said, "Well, son, what seems to be the trouble?" His kind looks won my heart and I told him my desire—my wish to add to the world's wealth some great invention for the good of mankind. He shook his head, sadly, I thought, and said, "Boy, you are but one—there are others who have dreamed big dreams of helping their fellow men and they all got penalized for off side play. As your friend Sidney says, 'The times were not ripe.' Just be quiet a few minutes and I will tell you the story of my life. When I was a boy my father was cruel enough to make me move bricks, sand, etc., in a wheelbarrow. Being of a thoughtful turn of mind, I studied the mechanism of the machine and soon was able to distinguish between pi and omega. The pie was given me by my mother who pitied my lot and the omega I used to lubricate the axle, as we had not then begun to use it for sore throats.

"From this small beginning, I was led on and on to more difficult thinking. In my travels around our farm, I had often noticed that, when a hen laid an egg, she always turned her head to look at it. Whether this was an action on the part of the hen to make sure that the egg was really there or whether it was merely feminine pride, I knew not. At any rate it gave me the clew to my first invention. This was a nest so constructed that, when the hen looked around, she touched a spring which worked a false bottom in the nest, thus allowing the egg to drop out of sight. The surprised hen

came to the conclusion that she had not laid an egg, after all, and immediately proceeded to lay another. Well, sir, I was on the road to fortune when all the hens died from overwork.

"I next turned my attention to the house. It grieved me to think that my mother had to waste so much energy in performing so simple a task as sweeping the floor. My first idea was to have the floors swing on a journal lying in their planes and passing through their centers. By touching a spring, the floor would revolve and all the dirt be deposited in the cellar. I soon saw, however, that this would enable us to get rid of stairways and save the room generally taken up by them. This was accomplished by putting a low railing along each side of the room. A person, wishing to go down cellar, had but to lie down on his stomach on the floor, grasp the rail, and touch the spring. He would land safely in the cellar and on his feet. To return, the operation was reversed, just like Sidney's refrigerator, you know. The furniture was taken care of by suspending each piece on a weighted cord, just like a hanging lamp, my boy.

"In the spring, a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love. Mine generally turned to ploughing and planting. This love of nature led to my next invention. We had an old horse that father had threatened to kill. Now, it seemed to me to be a poor reward for the faithful service that the nag had rendered. So I cudgelled my brain to discover something that would make him of some further use to us. This was the final plan: We strapped a box on each hind leg; from a trap door on each box a string was led to the belly-girth. Every step of the horse tightened the string and opened the trap-door. Filling these boxes with corn, beans, or anything else we wished to plant, the horse was turned loose in a harrowed field. The hoofs would make quite deep holes in the soft earth and each opening of the box would drop a regulated number of seeds into the footstep directly preceding the one already being taken and falling in a parabolic path compounded of the horse's motion and the motion due to gravity. By computing the number of holes we wished in a field, and then multiplying by the number of seeds in a hole, we could predetermine the exact amount to put in each box. The horse needed no guidance, but was allowed to wander around at will. From Professor Conant, you have already learned that we were entirely justified in assuming that there would be a finite and equal number of holes in each square unit of the field's surface. The gas law of Avogadro also upholds this assumption. Well, when the boxes were empty and the seed all planted, the horse, continuing to roam around the field for the rest of the day and in this manner and according to the same

aforementioned laws, the holes were covered over. In order to avoid all possibility of error, we distributed bunches of hay symmetrical with regard to the co-ordinate axes of the field. By this precaution, the chance of poor work was reduced to a minimum.

"This plan worked in great shape until the crows solved the problem. After studying it for a week or two, they found the combination. They would wait until the horse got where they wanted him, when two of them would get on to the boxes (one on each). Then they would take hold of the strings and hold open the trap-doors, thus allowing all the seed to run out in one heap. To prevent this nuisance we placed an Egyptian cigarette on the top of each box and in a few days the Board of Health warned us to have the dead crows removed or there would be trouble. This job cost so much that father was nutty at me and told me several things not complimentary to himself, if there's anything in heredity. Well, the result of the affair was that I left home to become my own prime mover instead of playing low pressure cylinder to father's high. The first man I met was Mr. Westinghouse, and he took to me like a case of love at first sight. By industry and application, I became superintendent of his works inside of two weeks, thus showing the great value of being unhampered by a technical education. Everything was fine and dandy until Mr. Westinghouse conceived the idea of getting out an engine that would put all rivals out of the market. Never try anything so foolish, son. Competition is the only fun in business. It is to commercial life what quarreling is to matrimony—an incentive to look elsewhere for better goods.

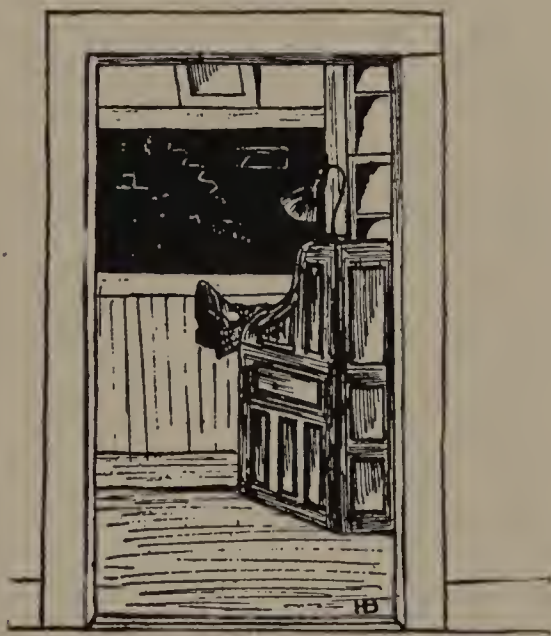
"It was up to me to invent the engine. Everybody was taking a shake out of the gas engine, so I dodged that and looked for something sure. At last I hit upon dynamite as the motive power. A long stick of the stuff was fed into the clearance space by a ratchet motion. The length of feed was regulated by the governor. A firing pin on the piston bumped into the piece of dynamite and did the business.

"I forgot to tell you that the foregoing was the theoretic engine. We never had a chance to try the blamed thing. It was this way. I sent a dago down under the power-house for a half stick of dynamite. He couldn't find any half sticks, so he took an ax to a whole one. When I landed and thought things over, it occurred to me that Mr. Westinghouse would have it in for me. I decided to go to Tech and apply for a position as a professor.

"The first fellow I met was a youngster who was working up some smoke machine in which the 'period of puffing was to be some straight line function of the number of puffs.' My dynamite had just given me all I

could hold for a while, so I ran before something happened. But, in running between the Engineering Lab. and the Power House, I tripped up on an old Joule Cycle and fell down a coal hole. I thought I would certainly be killed, but fortunately, I fell on something soft. It was a fellow who immediately introduced himself as Noah, the Practical Engineer. I begged of him to pardon my suddenness and to go right on about his work. He said, 'Any little thing like that—don't be afraid to consult me about it. As I was just saying, that was a fearful storm we had on Lake Waschacum. Yes, sir, we drifted around, helpless, for fully half an hour, and rot my to'-gall'n-fo'-s'l, if we hadn't called all hands on deck to belay the compass jewels, we'd have run into Ben Zaeder's, sure.' "

Just then the sophomore in the boiler-room let the water get so low that the blamed whistle woke me up and spoiled the rest of the dream.

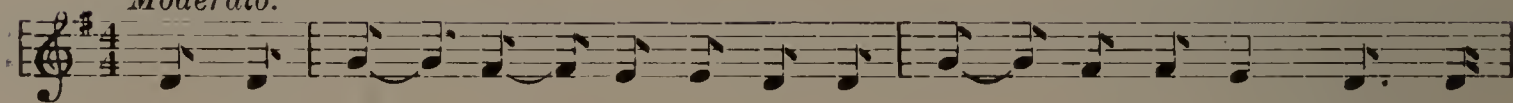




Words by R. J. S.

Music by J. J. W.

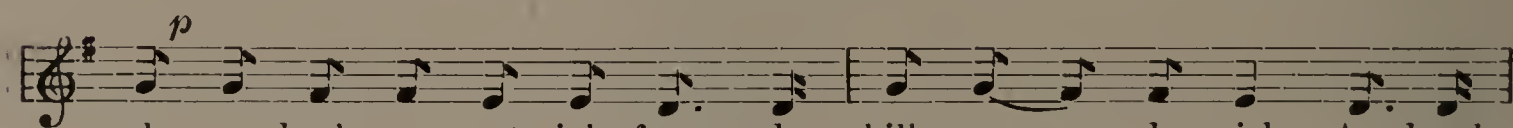
Moderato.



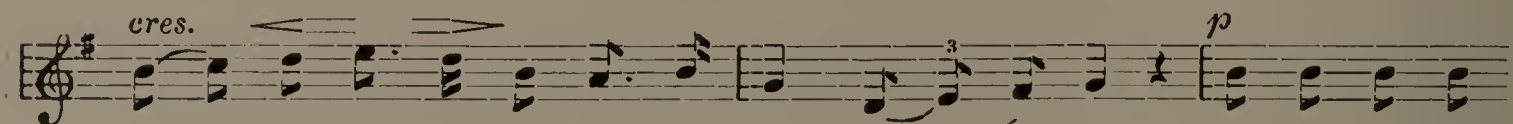
1. O, de rail - fence ten - ah, an' de deep - chest-ed bass Were a -
2. Man - dy's fad - der stood de sing - in' till his patience was all gone. Eb - 'ry
3. "Sich sweet, me - lo - jous sing - in' should be enco'ed with a gun," Said de



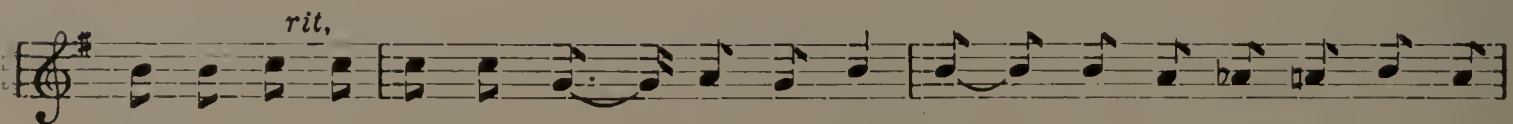
ser - a - na - din' Man - dy in de yahd;— in de front yahd;— An' de
time he'd try to sleep dey'd seem to bear— to fierce-ly bear— Just a
ole man ez he tuk it from it's pegs— it's an-cient pegs— But de



ech - o kep' re - peat - in', from de hill a - cross de crick, As dough
lit - tle strong-ah on it— till at las' he sprang from bed A vow -
sing - ers heard de move-ment, an' dey streaked it 'cross de fiel's Like ez



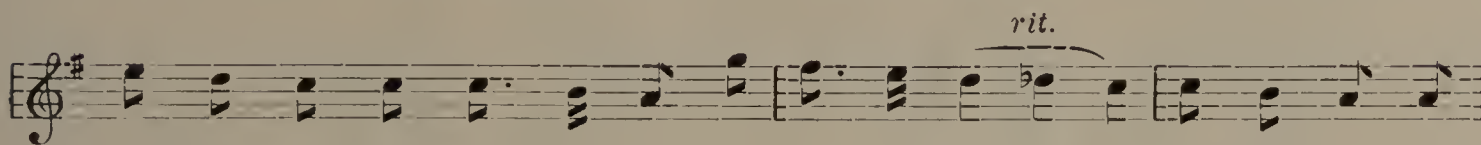
eb - 'ry note dey sang was dot - ted bahd,— dot - ted bahd,— An' de ka - ty -
in' dat he'd dribe dem out ob dere,— out ob dere,— De bass was try -
if dey bofe had wings in - stead ob legs,— in - stead ob legs,— Man - dy's fad - der,



dids an' crickets, in de trees an' in de grass, Sang falt'rin' at de fust ez
in' ha'd to fin' a note down neah his shoes, An' de ten - ah was a soar - in'
in his nightshirt, hunted half de night for dem, Thro' de swamp, an' thro' de brial, an'



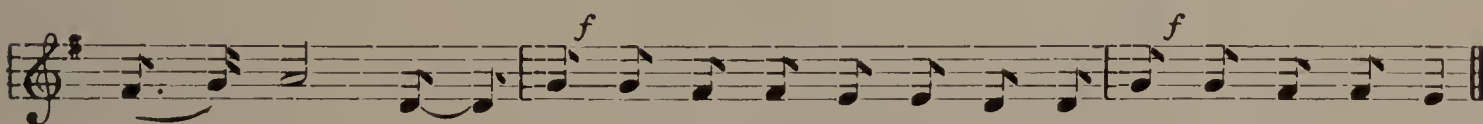
dough in doubt, Till de sleep-y, sing-song bullfrogs in de ma'sh be-hind the bahn
in de stahs, When a club came whizzin' by dem—an' dey did not pause for brea',
thro' de wood; He'd a-killed dem if he caught dem, an' de ju - ry would hab said



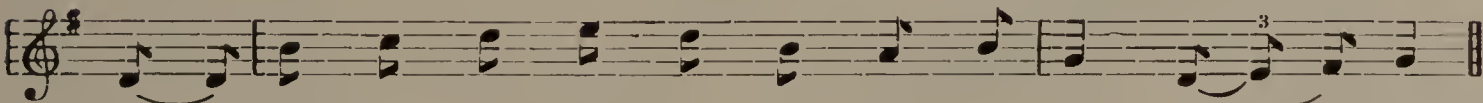
Kin' ob caught de mu - sic's swing an' helped dem out. Man - dy sat up
Till dey'd gained de ref - uge ob de pas - ture bahs. De ole man stood
Such an' act as dat was for de peo - ple's good. De ole man strug -



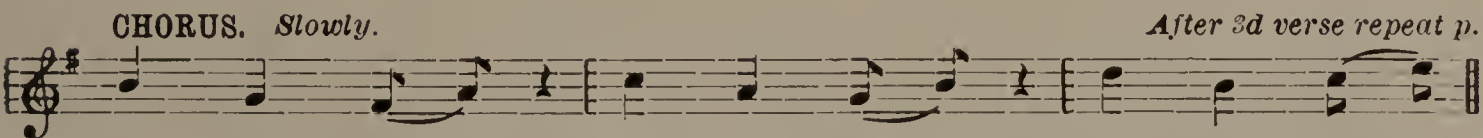
by de win - der wif her fin - gers in her yeahs, For de fo' - ty sec - on' time de
an' cussed dem wif de full pow - er ob his lungs, An' doub - ly cussed de day dat gabe
gled on - ward, search - in' for dem right an' lef', But in sev'ral unknown crossroads



song she heard— An' eb - 'ry time dey sang it, O, de chune grew wuss an' wuss
dem birf— But de on - ly sat - um - fac - tion dat he got for all his pains
he got mixed; An' halt - in' dere a - lis - ten - in' for some fa - mil - iarsoun',



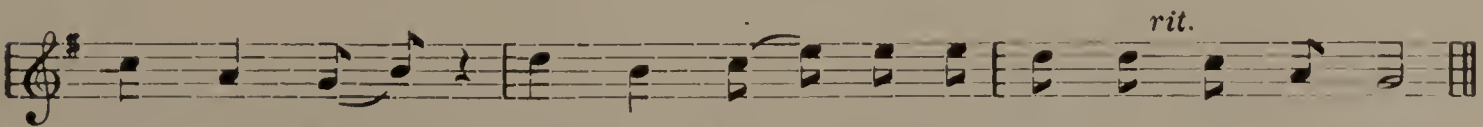
But dey staht - ed soon up - on de fo' - ty third— fo' - ty third:—
Was to heah dem staht up - on de fo' - ty fou'th— fo' - ty fou'th:—
Miles back, at home, he heard de nine - ty sixth— nine - ty sixth:—



Sweet dreams, Man - dy; Sweet dreams, Man - dy, Sweet dreams, Man - dy;



We're a - gwine to leabe yo' now. Sweet Man - dy--Fare - well, Man - dy;



Fare - well, Man - dy; Fare - well, Man - dy; We're a - gwine to leabe yo' now.

Knocks



“ ’Tis grievous parting with good company.”—Commencement.

“Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle Earth!”—Parsons.

“Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.”—Half Way Thro’ Banquet, ’03.

“There is no place like home.”—Berger. (?)

“Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky.”—Hall.

“I am a part of all that I have met.”—Werneck.

“Let the world slide, let the world go ;
A fig for care and a fig for woe!”—Morehouse.

“There’s a brave fellow ! There’s a man of pluck.”—Knight.

“Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither.”—Shaw.

“My eyes make pictures when they are shut.”—Dearborn.

“From her eyes,—I did receive fair speechless messages.”—Hayward.

“I awoke one morning and found myself famous.”—Tufts from Peter-sham.

“Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet.”—Parsons.

“O precious evenings ! all too swiftly sped !”—Nick.

Danny O’Regan (after Dennis has made a not over brilliant recitation.)

“Your name is er—er, Dennis, I believe?”

“My first aim will be to get married when I get out of here.”—A. N. K.

Charleton, 1.30 A. M.:

“Hello, Central, give me Nickerson,—Newton Hall—
—— Hello, Nick, is that you?”

Nickerson—“Hello, Charlie, this is me, what do you want?”

Charleton—“Have you got the first part of that stress problem?”

Nick.—“Pretty near, won’t take more than an hour longer.”

Charleton—“What did you get for the stress in (A B) ?”

Nick—“268524 lbs.”

Charleton—“You’re off ! I get 268523 lbs.”

Nick.—“Not by a darn sight ! I check with Tufts.”

Charleton—“Well, I check with Hall and Feigenson. We’ll let the Prof. settle it in the morning. Say, when you get the next one call me up. Good-bye.”

Nick.—“Good-bye.”

For matrimonial advice see Kimball (A. N.)

"Ain't you the very devil."—Bob Hall.

"Does the gas engine run by gas?"—Tufts.

Prof.—"What are the duties of an inspector of sewer construction?"

Feigenson.—"He should see that all the material not brought on to the works should be removed as soon as possible."

"Ay, there's the rub."—Shakespeare to his trainer.

"Hear me, for I will speak."—Berger.

Night after night

He sat and bleared his eyes with books."—Hendricks.

"Thou art a scholar."—A u Φ (?)

"Wisdom, awful wisdom."—Ilsley.

"Such is the world."—Gallup, '03, in Paris.

"The world is mine."—Fifield.

"Let me have audience for a word or two."—"J. K."

"I am weary and overwrought

With too much toil."—A. N. Kimball.

"Misery is misery."—Willie Nutt.

"Now I am in a holiday humor."—Sandford after exams.

"One of the few immortal names,

That were not born to die."—Pope.

"Mine eyes were not in fault, for she was beautiful."—Spence.

"Ye gods, it does amaze one."—Lane.

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."—Shaw.

"Mustaches, 50 cents per."—Munroe.

"Words, words, words."—Tufts.

"For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon."—Day, '02.

"I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending, and my affairs go backward."—Ilsley in Algebra.

"Making night hideous."—'03 on the warpath.

"His nature is too noble for the world."—Bunker.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined."—Junior Prom. class of 1903.

Thermo

Thermo dynamics is hard,
Worse than doughnuts fried in lard.
Study hard on it all night,
Go to the class and you can't recite.
Sidney sends you to the board,
Swell your chest out like a lord.
When you get up all your nerve
Just put down a T-N curve.

The first law of all Thermo
Is, bluff at what you do not know.
The second law of all the stuff
Is to swear that you're right when you've made a bluff.
Then as through the world you go
People will think you are not slow.
All you do they will believe
Just on account of Sidney Reeve.

"The winds are out of breath."—S. A. R.

"Romans, countrymen and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent,
that you may hear."—Berger.

"None know thee but to love thee,
None name thee but to praise."—J. Sin.

"I am not in the roll of common men."—Booth, '04.

"The still small voice is wanted."—A. N. K.

"Well now—I——We will look that matter up."—Howard Parker.

C. D. Knight, from Putney, Vt.: "See that pair of old pants hanging
up in that tall tree over there?" Just as he spoke the pants took the form of
three crows and flew away.

Harris—"Yes, Tufts, sawdust makes a pretty good joint, but I guess you
will have to make another."

"This strenuous life is killing me."—A. N. K.

Gallup coming in ahead in the 220 race. Darling leading the yells. "Give
'em, 'Skin-a-bo-link,' fellows."

"Oh, that those lips had language."—Stone.

"I love night more than day—she is so lovely."—E. W. Kimball

"Could I love less I should be happier."—Dearborn.

“To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn.”
—Truesdell in the near future.

“Oh, if you know the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh.”—Potter.

“Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth.”—S. A. R.

“As merry as the day is long.”—Foot.

“From little spark may burst a mighty flame.”—Tech bonfires.

“I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.”—Munroe.

“I was born to other things.”—Nickerson in the wood shop.

“Come, we burn daylight.”—Before exams.

Half Way Thro,' '04

Juniors had a half way thro',
No excitement! What could they do?
Were so chucked up full of beer
They couldn't see and they couldn't hear.
Smashed the furniture, smashed the glass,
Sent the bill to the Senior class.
If you were a Senior, what would you do,
Pay that bill, or keep it due?

They say 'twas Monroe
Who grew lean and thin
From lugging big pay
That he earned down in Lynn.

Ilisley—There's nothing like being a shark—it must be a funny feeling.

Permanent set—Read's hair.

At Elm Park,
The night is dark,
A student looking for a spark.
A girl in sight,
With eye that's bright,
The student next day can't recite.

Foot—I say, Noah, what's coal worth?

Noah—About \$6 a ton.

Foot—Well, if coal's worth \$6 a ton, what's Ashworth.

At the Dance

This is Joe Sanford
Better known as Joe Pete.
Most any old dance
Finds Joe shaking his feet.

No, Maud, dear, they do not use steam tables at Tech to keep food warm.

Freshman to Junior (seeing smoke in great volumes issuing from the window next to the rear door of Salisbury Lab.)—The building is on fire!

Junior—Oh no, that's only the 'o2 chemists having a recess.

There's infinitesimal obvious Dough,
Who's obviously infinitesimally 'nough,
Infinitesimals small,
'Tis obvious to all,
Is obviously, infinitesimal stough.

A professor who's name was Sinclair
Had sworn that he never would swair,
But he did what was worse,
He made students curse
By examples he gave from his chair.

A professor they call Jinny Haynes;
Gave exams. that were measley shaymes
Both in Pol. Sci. and Dutch,
There were never none such
To so greatly befuddle one's braynes.

There was a professor called Smith,
Gave exams. that were awfully stiff,
For do what you may
To pull a fat A,
You'll get a big E in a jiff.

To study on Sunday when left in lurch
Might trouble one's conscience his lessons to search.
But a Prof. they call Dinkle,
Had a very slick wrinkle
When it comes to mechanics, why not get it in Church.

In Shop

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—Milton, not Fairfield.

Dearborn—I tell you a cold water bath before breakfast is worth two hours' sleep.

Knight—Why don't you take three or four every day and save all your sleep?

As Heard in the Office

Coombs—Where's Doc?

Marshall—Gone fishing.

Coombs—O yes, he is quite an angler.

Little E's just one or two,
D's just three or four;
Makes the mighty faculty
Kick you through the door.

Little words to score you,
Hard knocks quite a lot,
Makes the life on Tech Hill
Like the world that's hot.

In the Lab

"Well, I'll be blown," said the fuse.

Why is a stubborn boy, sent upon an errand, like a shunt motor?

Ans.—Both may need a starting box to make them go.

No, Maud, dear, electric switches are not made of hair.

First Civil—Is this a rule in wiring, the higher the potential the higher the poles?

Second Civil—Yes, and the low potential is put under ground.

Prof. Smith, in electricity—What motor would you use in a powder mill?

Nicoll—A water motor.

Prof. Smith—You might get your powder wet.

Prof. Cutler—Is this a simile or a metaphor, "Base ball is like foot ball?"

Allen—It ain't.

'03

Lives of great men, all remind us,
Men of mark should marks erect,
So departing leave behind us
Numerals on the walls of Tech.

Monday Morning in Hydraulics

Prof. Allen—Goddard, can you name some of the different kinds of heads?"

Goddard, absently—Swelled heads, and broken heads.

Doc. Ewell—My favorite card games are hearts, old maid and spoof.

Ten Techs

10 new Freshmen standing in a line,
Mathematics dropped one, then there were but 9;
9 old Freshmen, waiting for their fate,
Chemistry poisoned one, then there were but 8;
8 new Sophomores, grinding till eleven,
Sci Dutch flunked one, then there were but 7;
7 old Sophomores in an awful mix,
Physics suffocated one, then there were but 6;
6 new juniors scarcely half alive,
“Half thro’” drowned one, then there were but 5;
5 old juniors learning more and more,
Smith electrocuted one, then there were but 4;
4 new seniors, so dignified and free,
Till steam boiled one alive, then there were but 3;
3 old seniors with a thesis new,
One didn’t finish his, then there were but 2;
2 new graduates, feeling on the bum,
One died from over-work, as did the other one.

Prof. Jones—You can’t enter into a contract with a married woman. If you do, you will get into trouble.

After Prof. Reeve had been talking about fifteen minutes about Zeuner diagrams Ilsley said: “Prof. will you please put that in words?”

Prof. Phelon—Mr. Foot, what do you know about the early history of the arc light?

Foot—Well, Noah made the first one.

Prof. P.—I never heard of that before.

Foot—Didn’t Noah make the first arc (ark) light on Mt. Ararat?

The Tech Daisy Club

(For the Benefit of the Hot Air Fun.)

“Jack” Rylands, ’04.....Chief Daisy Picker
“Bridge” Toucey, ’06.....Chief Bouquet Maker
Harry Morehouse, ’03.....Utility Man
“Doc.” Holmes, ’05.....All ’Round Sub.
“Ed.” Stone, ’03.....Chief Trimmer of the Queen’s Beard
“Chic.” Chickering, ’05.....Chief Tickler of the Queen’s Music Box
Geo. Robinson, ’04.....Head Scout
“Jack” Spence, ’03.....Head Decorator to Their Majesties, The Daisies

Danny in Freshman Chemistry

"Mr. Parsons, what is petrified wood?"

Parsons—"Rotten wood."

Danny—"I guess you are thinking of putrified wood."

No, Maud, dear, a rotary converter is not a traveling minister.

Morehouse—"Spence is going to referee the basket ball game tonight."

MacKenzie—"Well, Tech can't win even with that."

It took 1904 so long to decide on the date of their Half Way 'Thro' that most of us had come to the conclusion that they had already had it, one at a time, in lunch cart.

Chemist on the elevator—"Coming down?"

Another Chemist—"Yes, got some matches?"

No, Maud, dear, a cowcatcher is not a herdsman.

Lady to tramp—"Don't you become tired of loafing all the time?"

"No, ma'm, I was a chemist at Tech."

"I have a model in my study."—Danny.

Many a good curve has been by us sent to infinity.

Since there is economy in large scale production, many of us are saving grey matter by writing to ten girls instead of to one. Thanks, Prof. Haynes.

Most of the matter in the '02 Class Book was known to the Chinese as early as 4000 B. C.

Just Before Calculus

Morehouse—"Say, Stone, got the 147?"

"Yes—you?"

"No; where'd you get it?"

"Sandford."

"Where'd he get it?"

"Truesdell."

"Where did he get his?"

"Benny Foot."

"And where did Benny get his?"

"Munro."

"And Munro got his from me, and mine wasn't right. No good. Where's Knight?"

From "Uxbridge Compendium"—"Mr. A. E. Adams, W. P. I., '05, has completed a six months' course at Tech and has returned to the Northbridge High School to complete his education."

Truesdell was punching Tufts in Poly Sci.—Jinny: "Gentlemen, this is not the U. S. Senate."

"Quartz occurs in all colors, of which the most common is the colorless."
—Danny.

"What's the matter with your test paper, Lane?"

"Oh, that clam, Nutt, only gave me 99 and I know it's worth a hundred."

Prof. Allen, when he heard of Au's marriage: "That's what I call a flying start."

Prof. Reeve—"Figures can't lie, but liars can figure."

Twenty thousand watts would make a pretty hot magnet.—H. B. Smith.

Once a couple always a couple; no divorce then.—A. Kingsbury in mechanics.

Said Jenny to Benny: "Of the sliding scale wages
Pray tell us all you can say."

Said Benny to Jenny: "It claims your last penny,
For the damned thing slides the wrong way."

Don't take your wife to Pittsburg.—A. Kingsbury.

Hooray for Hydraulics! 'twas a jolly good course,
Which the fellows at first proclaimed a "dead nut,"
Though it seemed Friday morning on "Charlie's" exam,
That a hydraulic ram had a deuce of a butt.

Poor little obvious, 'tis a much misused word,
Which the professors oft use when they're working a bluff,
And in physics especially it seems most absurd
When fired point blank at us by that little "plumb" Duff.

Conant—"You will learn, before you have been married many years, that it doesn't always take a majority vote to decide a question."

Suppose a man sits on a pin having no finite diameter. Find an expression for his feelings. (Notes and Books allowed.)

What is the difference between Tech and State's Prison?

You know when you are going to get out of prison—you don't know when you'll get out of Tech.

"Hello, Central! Please give me John D. Rockefeller. Hello! Is this Mr. Rockefeller? This is Professor Smith of W. P. I. I say, Mr. Rockefeller, will you be so kind as to make that petroleum order one thousand barrels instead of five hundred as ordered. Another senior has decided to take high potential for thesis.

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."—Parsons, '03.

HB. Hall says he and Bacon are a good pair of drawers.

People who love in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

No, Maud, dear, there's no formula for the stresses in your eye beams.

"Who's who in America?" Ask Doc.

The dances at Mrs. Day's were in danger of being called "Potter's Saturday Night."

Foot—"Prof. Kingsbury, are the forces chasing each other around the polygon?"

A favorite occupation of Knight and Dearborn was to eliminate couples from Salisbury Lab. porch.

Danny, in Mineralogy—"The student should familiarize himself with ideal forms." (Prolonged applause.)

Whenever Barcadi had to return to the Civil Room he always pulled up all the stakes he had already driven.

Mrs. Day's "Mump Social" was a swell affair.

"Baldy" in "Sci. Dutch"—"You may take a half-page more for the next lesson on account of the space between the lines."

Jinny (after Easter recess)—"Gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to a few things that have happened during the last few days." Some of us begin to wonder just how much he has found out, but are relieved to find that it's the Boston strike.

Let's put it the other way: Suppose that one of us gathered all the Profs. into a room and then delivered to them a haphazard, disconnected series of lectures on foot ball. How many of them could pass an exam. in it? Yet they expect us to do similar stunts. "Ain't dat a shame?"

In Freshman Chemistry

Danny—What has to be applied to a safety match to make it light?

Read—The box.

Kinny—Mr. Pope, what is the solvent for phosphorus?

Pope—Sulphuric acid.

Jinny in Polly Con.: “Mr. Sandford, what nationality would a child be whose father was English, whose mother was German—and who was born on the high seas?”

Sandford, after scratching his head—“Search me.”

“Foot did it in twenty hours.”—Fairfield.

Prof. Reeve: “We will now take up the subject of the ice machine. I will spend the next few moments in breaking the ice, so to speak.”

Charlton (in Astronomy)—“Mr. Ives, does that star remind you of a cow because it's in the ‘Milky Way’?”

Hobbs—“What's that awful smell?”

Hayward—“It's either the foundry or Baldwin's corncob.”

Werneck—“Prof. Allen, the meter reading and the weighed water differ by 300 lbs.”

“That's all right. Noah took three drinks.”

Said the Voltage to the Ampere: “I'll meet you phase to phase behind the thermo pile.”

Prof. Reeve: “Suppose you were using liquid air for refrigerating, what would you do when the air-wagon broke down?”

After encountering the impedance in Prof. Smith's course, a good many of us went ohm.

In Civil. Mr. Ives to Mr. Geary: “Mr. Geary, in surveying what are some of the different kinds of local attractions?”

(Geary blushes as he remembers.)

Kinny (filling a tank that seemed insatiable): “If it was cider, it would have been filled long ago.”

Foot, in Gas: “Professor, is that liquid water?”

H. B. S.: "Well, Werneck, what's the matter with my course in electricity?"

Werneck: "Huh! I ken not lik et, et es all full ob—what you call dem?—yas—watts."

Duff: "Extremely simple experiment, just put ice in the water and note the *rise* in temperature."

Charlie Allen (the morning after the Jefferson racket): "By the looks of that squash pie on Baldwin's pants you might think that he was at the banquet last night."

Soph. Gavin: "I got A. in drawing at Fitchburg."

Ding: "The instructor must have been a relative."

Parsons: "Prof. Kingsbury, has lard oil a good deal of body?"
"Yes, pig's body."

Kimball: "Prof. Kingsbury, what is the best oil for body?"
Prof.: "Castor oil, I believe."

Prof. Reeve: "A case of beer is an engineering device not to be despised."

Nickerson went to the theatre (with friend). He wore a cutaway coat which was considerably longer than his overcoat. Next day while taking an exam. a telegraph messenger appeared with a telegram for Nick. Visions of misfortune flooded the mind of our friend from Fall River, but it was as follows:

Worcester, Jan. 14, 1903, 8 P. M.

Ralph W. Nickerson,
Worcester Theatre,
Worcester, Mass.:

Coat tails four points below par, dropping fast; sell quick.

M. Sullivan.

Note.—Owing to the fact that Nick. had failed to notify the theatre manager that he was not to be found in "Tech Box," the telegram was not delivered at a time when it would have done the most good.

Danny: "Mr. Parsons, what other substance can you name that is used as a lubricant?"

"Er—er—I think they sometimes use 'chain lightning.' "

Note.—"Chain lightning" is a concoction used as a rub. by the Pittsfield Police Force.

To a Mump

I.

There was a little germ,
He came to Worcester Tech,
And all the little germ could do
Was to light on *face* and *neck*.

II.

He lit upon the Juniors
And lit upon the Sophs;
He lit upon the Seniors,
But *couldn't touch* the "Profs."

III.

This germ was full of vigor,
He worked from week to week,
He made us feel quite sickly,
But he gave us lots of *cheek*.

IV.

A monopolist was he,
With victims short and tall.
He joined in with the doctors
And rented Newton Hall.

V.

At last he was so bold
(The foolish little chump)
He tried to pass the "exams."
That ended little Mump.

Why is Manager Predegast of the Mount Pleasant House like a mud hen?

Ask Mr. Ives.

"Is that in Foster?"—Foot in Thermo.

"Give me a T. P. Hatchet, please, Mr. Ives."—Foot.

Ask Foot if he likes "walking 'round the edge."

Brooks (in Mec. Lab.): "Say, Kimmy, have you a scale divided into thousandths?"

Ewell to Spence: "What do we deduce from that fact?"

Spence, who is far, far away: "That it takes more heat to melt ice than it does to freeze water?"

Prof. Phelon in Electrical Lab.: "Mr. Ilsley, let me see your Foster a minute, please."

Ilsley passes him a book.

Prof. Phelon: "Well, Mr. Ilsley, this is—er—a pretty good book, but —er—

Ilsley has brought his Bible instead of his Foster.

Goddard a little later: "Well, Grandpa, did you find what you were looking for in Foster?"

Ilsley: "Sure. Saul, the son of Kish, went out to find his father's asses, and behold I have found them."

Spence: "I was looking at the right angled rectangle in the figure above."

Prof. Reeve: "In this section of the country the Corliss engine is worshiped as the small boy worships the elephant."

"The deacon's son is going again," says Kimball as he hears Spence expressing his opinion about the tools in the Mechanical Lab.

Professor Phelon to Knight: "When is Dearborn putting in his thesis time—nights and Sundays?"

Prof. Reeve: "As my ancestor, Joel Barlow, used to say, 'the muddy, evil ages.' "

To encourage you, Prof. Smith will raise the mark on the electricity paper but does not change it on his book.

Kinny: "It's a good thing to know how to cram. I cram myself occasionally."

"If a body meet a body coming through the rye," what is the equation of the resultant motion? Problem in mechanics.

A good many of us got A's who were not worth a D——.

Without our Foot we would be a very lame class.

Kingsbury: "You are here to worry and not I."

Pope: "Put your trust in Providence and the man next to you."

Some were dropped on account of milk in the cocoanut.

Johnny: "Morehouse, you simply opened your mouth and let the wind come out."

Duff to Lane: "And what does that prove about the whistles?"

"That they are nearer apart."

We often speak of him as "the late Mr. Geary."

Baldy to Spence, who has been appointed a victim to read a very touching comp: "Mr. Spence, we will have to *dispense* with yours, as our time is up."

(Confusion and red quilt for the pun on the part of the Professor.)

Kinney, in Gas Anal.: "Remember that this bottle contains *hollow* glass tubing."

Werneck thinks his watch keeps solar time just because he wears it over his solar plexus.

Parsons directing a Freshman: "Get off at Piedmont street, go north one or two blocks, and then look for the sky line at your left."

The human body makes an excellent rheostat if you have an iron constitution. Ask "The Count" or inquire of "The Associated Press" for further particulars.

Anode to a Watt

The volt and the ampere
Were bringing in a watt,
The ohm tried to trip them
And the wire grew mighty hot.

The wire ran into a motor
And the motor ran away,
The current told the fuses
And the fuses stopped the play.

A Quiz on Belts

Professor—If the arms of a pulley were on the outside of the rim would they encircle the belt?

Student—Yes, if the pulley were filled with waste.

Professor—Would the wrap of the belt prevent slipping?

Student—Some, but not as much as the belt of the wrap.

Professor—Be seated. You talk as if you had been visiting a corset factory.

Werneck: "When a man kills his better half he gives a good example of self-sacrifice."

Steam

I. a. Suppose your bunk to be directly over a boiler containing 2000 lbs. of steam and water at 200 lbs. by gauge. The boiler explodes. What would be your first move? Your second? (Diagram.)

b. Under the circumstances would good practice justify the engineer in trying to rise in the world?

II. What would be the power generated by two one quart milk cans working compound under a pump at 4.30 A. M.?

Data: The farmer's conscience=X

The quart cans are capable of holding one pint each.

Latent heat at 4.30=0.00000000 1 B. T. U.

III. Design a one-horse, N. G., impracticable steam eater, warranted to bust the firm before the coal strike is settled.

State its power to 48 insignificant decimals, remembering that you are here to learn to make good guesses.

Note.—Do not incorporate the question in your answer. If necessary use words in answering.

Metallurgy

I. Why did you take this course? (Be brief.)

II. What is the chemical composition of Ed. Pinaud's Perfume à la Elm Park?

III. Have you seen the smoke from the Wire Works chimneys? If so, give a brief statement of the entire process of steel rail manufacture, together with a detailed drawing of the plant in Zweibierundpretzelburg, as described in "Das Würzburger Hofbrau."

Note.—If your examination paper is handed in type-written, you need not answer any of the above questions in order to get a high A.

English

I. What was the tendency towards altruism in the early Silurian age? State your answer in per cent.

II. Does "the good, the true, and the beautiful," as exemplified by Nick Carter in "Klondike Kate, the Star of the North," appeal to your innate sub-consciousness as a proof of the egoism of modernity?

III. How large a vocabulary does Tom Sharkey possess and state, approximately, the number of adverbs in "Allegemeine Meereskunde."

Note.—Answer any three of the above questions. Give your answer in as many words as possible, remembering that ambiguity is a fine art.

Gas Analysis

a. What is the atomic weight of dried apple and what is its dew point? Reduce your answer to centimeters per second.

b. What is the weight in tons of a ton of George's Creek coal? In quarts?

Data :

$$\begin{array}{r} C=120\% \\ H=ort\ 4\% +trenty \\ Ash=125\% \\ \hline 100\% \end{array}$$

c. What is the per cent. of ash in Brown Ash and would it be injurious to pick all the buttons from a Buttonwood tree before its calorific power had matured? Give your answer in the affirmative.

d. How old will be a two years' old chestnut 100 yrs. from now? Prove your position.

B ow to the signs of the time S
L earn how to talk without though T
U se all the air that you dar E
F ind the best way to get "A"
F rom the man who gives the exa M.

Why does Foot always say *perphendicular*? Mayhap the moustache is an impediment.

Kinney: "How many milligrams of moisture in one cubic meter of water?"

Walsh: "By Gum! We've had seventy-five dollars worth of fun, if we didn't make the first six."

Prof. Coombs is a very prolific author—he writes a new book, every year, called the Catalogue of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Prof. Jones: "Mr. Shaw, can you tell us something about the worm and worm-wheel?"

Shaw: "It's a case where the worm turned.

Recitation from Searles

Mr. Ives: "Mr. Feigenson, what do you know or what can you tell us about 'haul.'"

Hall (stage whisper): "I'll break your face if you do."

Our Religious Man

There was a young man called "Deacon,"
Who, when fighting, never would weaken;
A bottle of "Stout"
Once turned inside out,
He said "Mum that bottle is leakin'."

This man's real name was Munro,
He thought automobiles too slow;
He said High Potential
Was very essential
When you really wanted to go.

J. A. S.

Did you hear about the valentine B—— received? He had been at a husking party and had admired very much a proud-looking maiden who seemed to be too nice for the regulation "red-ear" contortions. He confided his opinions concerning the damsel to his roommate T——, a hare-brained trouble-seeker. The whole affair was just nuts for the roommate.

Well, on Valentine Day, B—— received a telegram saying, "Remember the husking." Now, perhaps you have noticed that the whole universe seems to have as its centre the particular girl you happen to be admiring—or perhaps you have not. Anyway, it was a simple matter for B——, helped by T——, to decide that "she" had sent the message. "It's up to you, Harry, to go to the Pleasant Street Baptist next Sunday and get next."

Meanwhile T—— let the girl into the secret.

When B—— met her after church she didn't look quite so unapproachable as at the party. Those things always depend on the point of view, you know. He had a lovely time, but—no mention of the telegram.

"Well, was she the one?" asked T——.

"Can't say for sure, but I think I could see it in her eyes," said B——.

And he continued to look for the solution in those same eyes during the remainder of his stay in Worcester. There are indefinite rumors that he has decided to spend the rest of his life in making up the "red-ear" score that he failed to tally at the husking.

To a Mosquito

You love to fly around at night
In search of man or beast.
If you're resisted, you will fight,
Because you think you're in the right,
But, let alone, you'll feast.
It seems to me 'tis your delight
In search of human prey,
To calmly on one's person light,
And when one hits with all one's might,
To gaily fly away.

Past and Present

"Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"
And the ancient arrow-maker
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha.' "

Present—

Then the father eyed him fiercely,
As a watch-dog eyes a hobo,
As a husband eyes a hat bill,
As a golfer eyes a bunker,
As a hobo eyes a wood pile,
As Judge Utley eyes a drunkard
When he sends him down to Foxboro,
And he clenched his fist in anger,
Clenched his iron first in anger,
Shook with rage from crown to instep,
Shook with rage which must run over,
And advanced upon the lover.
Then the young man left the father,
With the speed of Arthur Duffy,
And he never looked behind him
Till a county was between them.
Thus it is with Hiawatha
And the present generation.

An Incident

Which Happened During the Publication of this Book

I.

For two years in the printing place,
He'd swept and scrubbed the floors,
Ran errands, cleaned and oiled each press,
And a hundred other chores.

II.

At last, one day, for some good work,
He received a little praise,
And seizing the longed for chance,
He boldly asked a raise.

III.

A look passed over the foreman's face
That might mean good or evil;
He eyed the youngster for a while,
Then promptly raised the "devil."

Belting

Belting has an outside hair-side
And it has an inside flesh-side;
Oft the question rises which side
Is the side which should run inside,
Which the side that should run outside?
Some aver the inside flesh-side
Is the side that should run outside,
Others say it should run inside.
Some are sure the outside hair-side
Is the side that should run inside,
Others say it should run outside.
Ample is the proof on each side,
Wonder which side the right side.
My poor head twixt this and that side,
Seems to be quite inside outside.

Tourelay

Mechanics are up working hard in the shop,
And if you should see them you'd think they'd ne'er stop.
Mechanics, work hard now, shine up what you've made
And Fairfield will surely give you a high grade.

Tourelay! Tourelay!

The pride of the shop, works there eight hours a day.

Gen'r'l Scientifics are up in the lab.,
And if you should see them you'd know they were glad.
Scientifics, work hard now and make a big bluff,
And you'll certainly get a good mark from Prof. Duff.

Tourelay! Tourelay!

The pride of the lab., works there eight hours a day.

The civils are out surveying a lot,
With levels, poles, plumb-bobs, chains, stakes and what not.
O, civils, work hard now, and scratch for your lives,
And you'll certainly get a good mark from Prof. Ives.

Tourelay! Tourelay!

The pride of the civils, works eight hours a day.

The electrics are up working hard on design,
With problems stupendous, they're filling their mind.
Electrics, work hard now or you'll get a biff,
And the blow will come straight from the marks of Prof. Smith.

Tourelay! Tourelay!

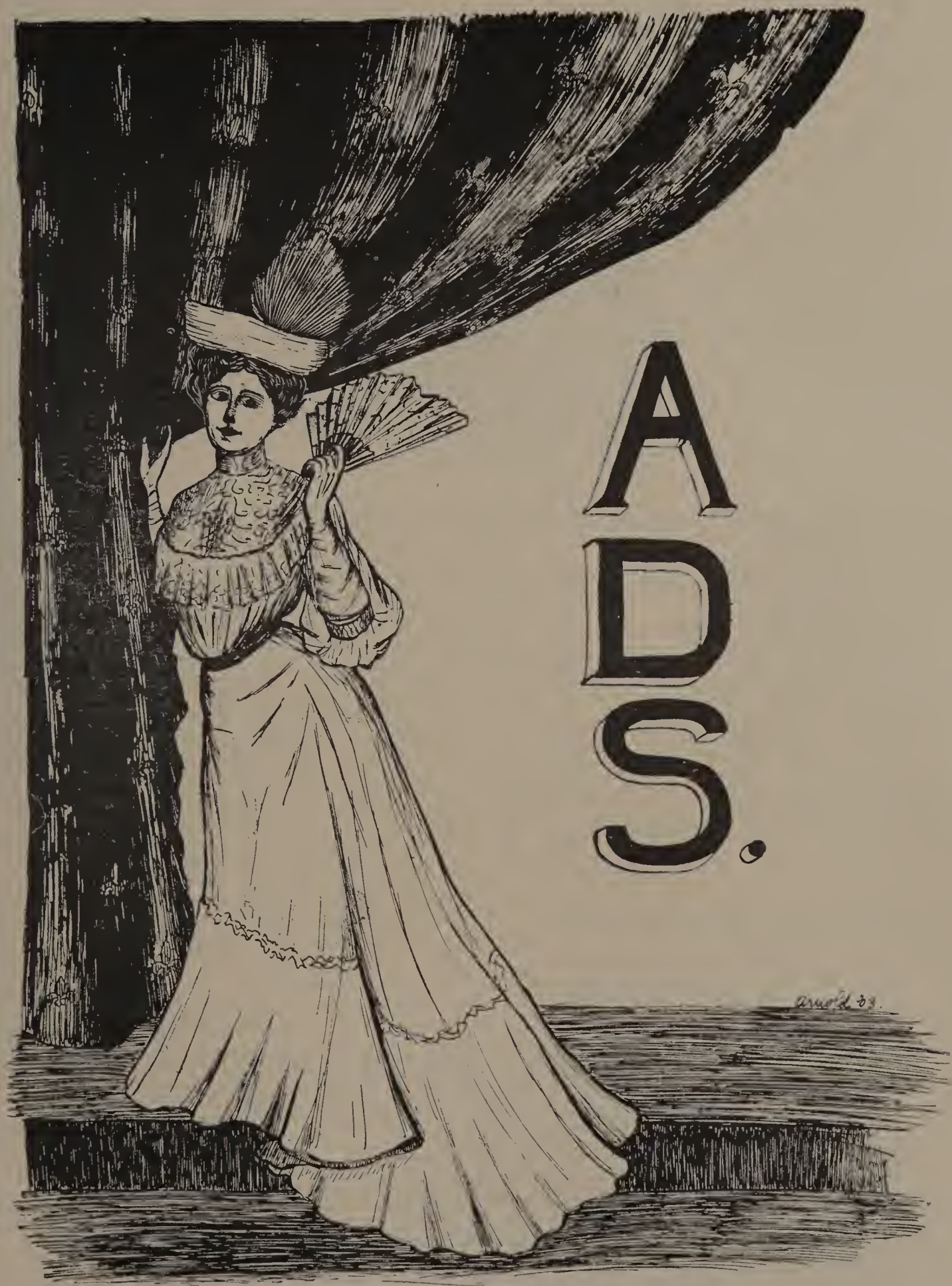
The pride of design, works there eight hours a day.

The chemists are down in the chemists' retreat,
A pulling the smoke of the cigarette sweet.
O, chemists, smoke hard now, smoke down to the butt,
And you'll get a good mark from your Prof. Kinnicutt.

Tourelay! Tourelay!

The pride of the chemists, smokes eight hours a day.

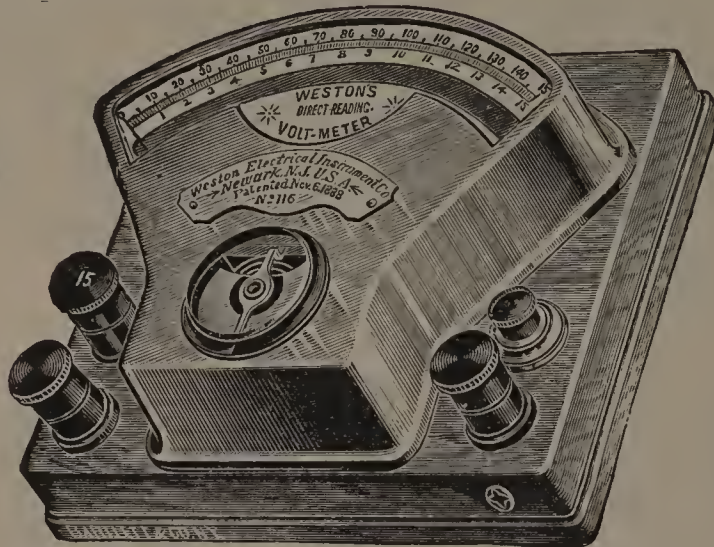




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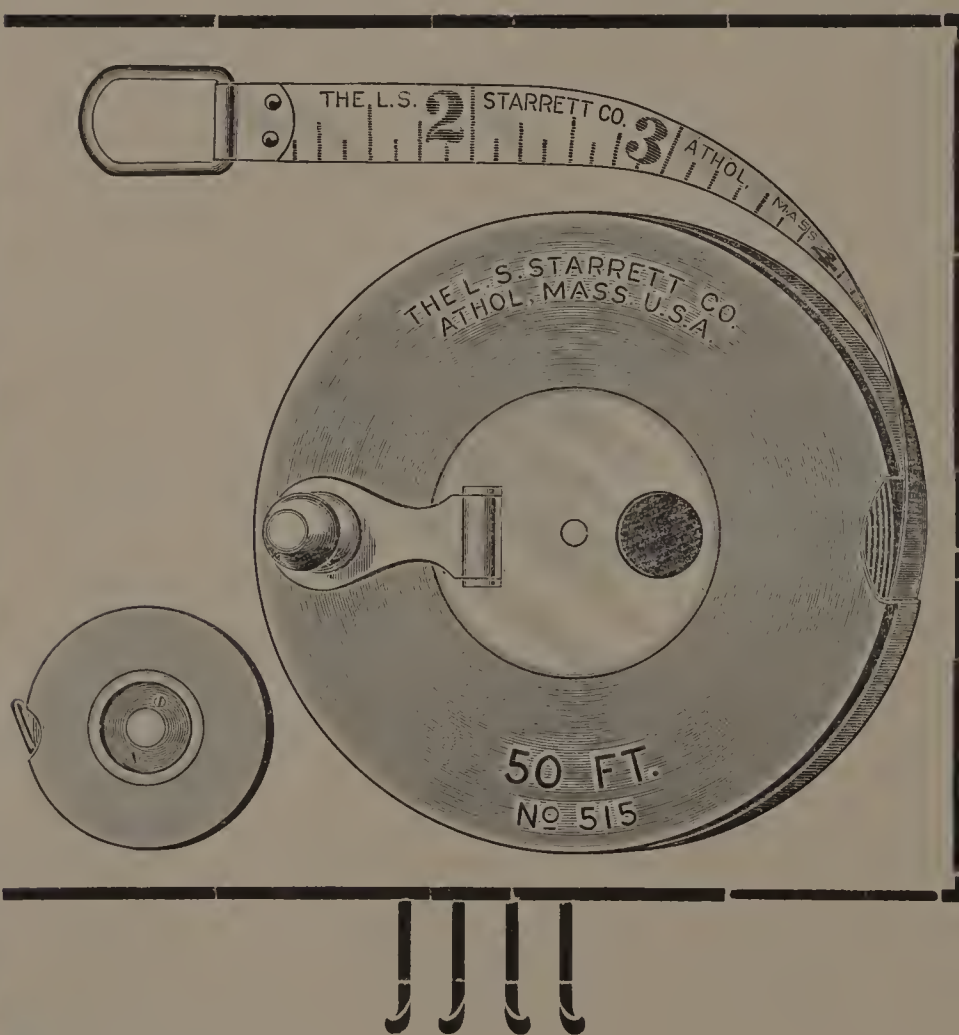
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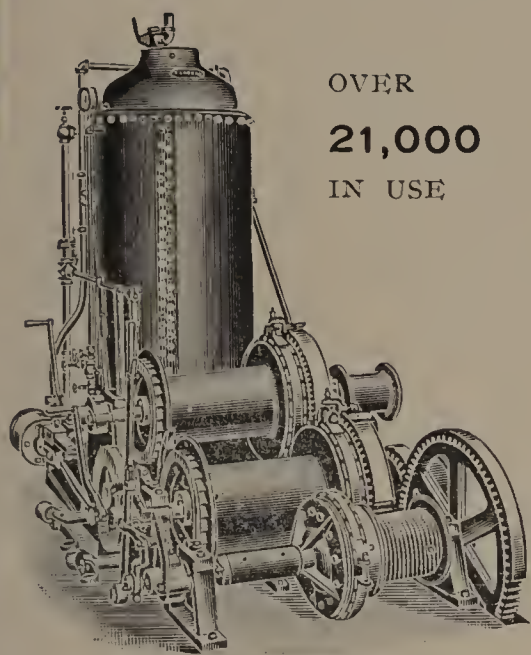
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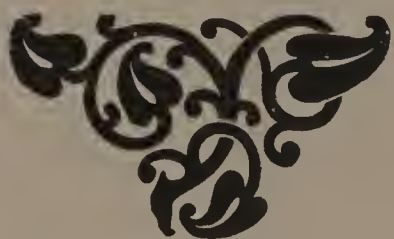
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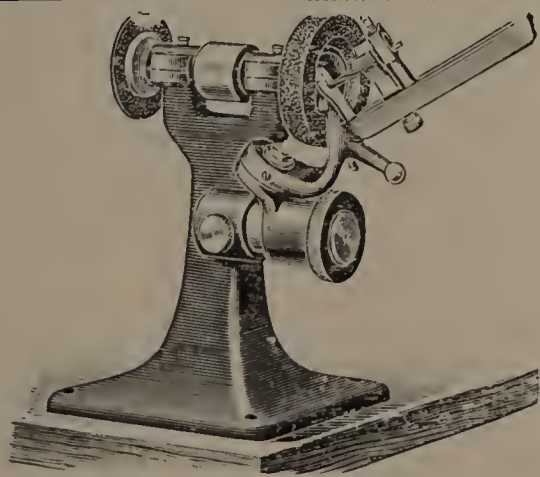
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